The ANTIOCH REVIEW

FALL, 1957

Sociology and the Intellectuals:
An Analysis of a Stereotype
—Bennett M. Berger

Film and Fiction
—Evelyn T. Riesman

The Miracle of Postwar German Art
—Alfred Werner

— Three Articles on Modern Asia —

The AFPLF—Continuity in Burmese Politics
—John Seabury Thomson

Reconnaissance in Manila
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Editor's Shop Talk

"Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope." We confess that we don't throw all such manuscripts in the waste basket, and that we have also been a little appalled at the alternative of letting them pile up in a corner of the office. What do we do? Often we mail them back with a pencilled notice on the rejection slip, "Return postage, please." There is a hidden assumption here that the author has simply been forgetful. (Sometimes he has, and we get stamps by return mail.)

There are graver hazards in receiving manuscripts than the lack of return envelopes or postage, though they don't occur so frequently. There is the manuscript returned to us because of a faulty address and the one with no address at all. (There are also the manuscripts which the author, for whatever reason, doesn't want returned, but we do throw *them* in the waste basket.)

For such manuscripts as have incorrect addresses or none and those of authors who have repeatedly violated the return stamp obligation, we have set up an "orphan" file. Recently we reviewed its contents:

1. One unsolicited book review, author's name missing as well as address.

2. 7 articles; one of them had postage attached and a 150-word biographical note about the author.

3. 4 short stories—"Comrades in Arms," "Struggle," "Uprooted," "A Moment in Trieste."

4. 5 poems.

5. One unclassified item—the subtitle, "A Nightmare in 3 D."

All these are "lost" awaiting some word from their authors. Will we hear from them? Possibly not. We hear more often from authors who claim they sent us manuscripts months ago—manuscripts of which we have no record of receipt.

* * *

Editors may not be disturbed over an author's carelessness with some manuscripts; on reviewing the contents, they may cynically perceive a causal connection. It will be otherwise, though, with something they want to print. Recently we received a group of poems without identification except that one of them had initials pencilled in a lower corner—no name, no address, and the poems lacked titles. We wanted to print two of the poems. One of our editors, recollecting a previous poem that we had published, guessed the poet's name from the initials. We found his address in the correspondence file. We can publish now, as soon as the author supplies a title.

—P. B.

Sociology and the Intellectuals: An Analysis of a Stereotype

By BENNETT M. BERGER

> While you and I have lips and voices
> which are for kissing and to sing
> with, who cares if some one eyed son
> of a bitch invents an instrument to
> measure spring with?
>
> e. e. cummings

FOR SOME YEARS, humanist intellectuals have been cultivating a hostile stereotype of sociology and sociologists. Like other stereotypes, this one has its foundation in fact; like other stereotypes too, its exaggerations, whether expressed in the language of annihilating wit or of earnest bludgeoning, call for some serious comment. It is surprising therefore, that the responses of sociologists have been anything but dispassionate. These responses range all the way from (1) Daniel Lerner's polemical defense of sociology in his article analyzing the book reviews of *The American Soldier*,[1] to (2) the posture of tolerant disdain toward the "misguided" stereotype, to (3) a sort of nervous embrace of the stereotype by sociologists themselves (which attempts—usually unsuccessfully—to demonstrate that they do *too* have a sense

[1]Daniel Lerner, "*The American Soldier* and the Public," in R. K. Merton and P. F. Lazarsfeld, *Continuities in Social Research*, (The Free Press, 1950), pp. 212-251.

Since 1952 BENNETT M. BERGER has been a graduate student at the University of California (Berkeley), holding half-time appointments as teaching assistant in the Sociology Department and assistant in various research bureaus of the university. He has co-authored an article on sociological theory (with Reinhard Bendix), to appear in a symposium to be published this fall (Row, Peterson).

of humor), often involving a self-parody whose furtive masochism is almost startling.

There is no real need to document the stereotype with exhaustive quotations since it is rife enough in intellectual circles for everyone to have had his own personal experience of it. The overt expression of the stereotype in print is the exception, and whole articles devoted to it are rare. The most common vehicle for its expression is the derisive "remark" and the parenthetical aside. Occasionally, one finds a curiously ambiguous statement like the following:

> Popular images are rarely entirely wrong; and if the mass media and the popular mind today see the social scientist as a man with pencil and pad in hand, buttonholing hapless citizens on the street, the error is not in the observation—it is only in seeing the social scientist as the interviewer. . . . Today, no matter what the question put to the social scientist, he begins his answer by composing a questionnaire, which he then gets filled out by having an appropriate number of respondents interviewed. (In an introductory note by Nathan Glazer to I. L. Peretz' "The Interviewer at Work," *Commentary*, February, 1953, p. 195.)

One of the interesting things in this statement is the apparent convergence of images held by the "popular mind" with those held by intellectuals like Glazer. I say "apparent" because intellectuals do not often share the stereotypes of the popular mind, and the quoted instance is not one of the exceptions. Glazer does not describe a *popular* image in his remarks, but a stereotype held by intellectuals. Anyone who has done extensive interviewing of the "popular mind" knows that ordinary people are generally naïvely interested as well as pleased and flattered to be interviewed by a social scientist; it takes considerable sophistication to feel disdainful of and superior to the poised pencil of the interviewer. But in a curiously inverted "proof by authority" Glazer attributes an image to the popular mind in order to validate his own.

Using evidence like this demands some reading between the lines. For example, nowhere in the above quotation does Glazer explicitly state that the image supposedly held by the popular mind is an invidious one; it is largely a matter of tone, created by key connotative words like "buttonholing," and "hapless," and "appropriate." Many expressions of the stereotype are of this hit-and-run kind, and depend for their meaning and effect upon one's being "in" on the current

scapegoatology. For example, the poet and critic Randall Jarrell explicates a few lines from a Robert Frost poem, then says, "if you can't feel any of this, you *are* a Convention of Sociologists." A remark like this would be meaningless to someone not "in" on the current stereotype; to those who *are* "in," and presumably a good number of readers are, it is very funny indeed. Similarly, W. H. Auden speaks to Jarrell's audience when he says:

> Thou shalt not answer questionnaires
> Or quizzes upon World-Affairs,
> Nor with compliance
> Take any test. Thou shalt not sit
> With statisticians nor commit
> A social science.

There are, of course, more elaborate and heavy handed assaults, J. P. Marquand's portrait of W. Lloyd Warner in *Point of No Return* not being the only one. Still, it is the light touch of people like Auden and Jarrell which is most effective in spreading the stereotype.

Stereotypes, and hostile stereotypes especially, do injury to the group stereotyped, and it is or ought to be our responsibility to correct them. But stereotypes are not generally exorcised by pretending they do not exist; nor are they dispelled by polemic or a demonstration of innocence. Although founded in fact, stereotypes are nonrational, and flourish in spite of the preponderance of evidence against them. Thus arguing from facts to correct an emotional excrescence is vain. What we want to know are the conditions that have generated the stereotype and permitted it to grow. Knowing these, we can transcend polemic and use our understanding in more effective ways.

II

The stereotype of the sociologist has two dimensions, founded in contradictory beliefs which, in turn, have their source in the structure of the intellectual professions. The image of the sociologist as a pathetically ignorant and pompous bumbler (jargon-ridden, pretentious, and without insight) is based on the conviction that sociology has no special subject matter, and is therefore no science; its technical apparatus and methodological strictures are hence not only presumptuous but futile, and result only in pretentiousness and banality. The image of the sociologist as a Machiavellian manipulator, however,

clearly rests on a recognition of the efficacy of scientific, especially statistical, techniques in dealing with a human subject matter. But both of these—the perceived failure as well as the perceived success of sociology—have elicited from the intellectuals a hostile response.

A. *The Problem of Subject Matter: The Sociologist as Bumbler.* The tendency to specialization in the intellectual professions submits them to pressure to define specifically a subject matter uniquely their own, in order to justify their existence in a profession- and specialty-conscious culture, to establish and preserve their identities with foundations and university administrations, and to demonstrate their utility and their consequent right to public support. As new specializations develop, and claim professional status, entirely reasonable questions of justification can be raised. What can you do that others not trained in your profession cannot do? What competence has your training conferred on you that is denied to others because of their lack of such training? I take it that the flourishing health of the image of the sociologist as bumbler can in part be attributed to the failure of sociologists to answer these questions satisfactorily. Any discipline which claims as its special subject matter the domain of "social relations" or "social systems" or "society" or any of the other textbook-preface definitions claims not a special subject matter but the whole gamut of human experience, a claim which thousands of scholars and intellectuals are with good reason likely to dispute.[2] Louis Wirth's definition of sociology as the study of that which is true of men by virtue of the fact that they have everywhere and at all times lived a group life, strikes the eye as somewhat better, but runs into the difficulty[3] of generally assuming that pretty nearly everything that is true of men is true by virtue of this fact.

It is in part due to this failure to meet the responsibility of defining

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[2]At a recent meeting of the Western Branch of the American Oriental Society, a distinguished member introduced a resolution affirming the Branch's loyalty to the traditions of humanistic study, and barring from the pages of the society's journal what he called articles of the "social science type."

[3]I say "difficulty" not because I think this assumption may not be useful, but because (1) such an assumption places the sociologist in the role of "academic imperialist," and because (2) the implied primacy of society, or group life, over the individual runs counter to deeply rooted Western values about "the individual."

one's professional competence simply and clearly to interested laymen that sociological "jargon," for example, is met with such resistance and resentment. Laymen react with no such rancor to the technical vocabularies of mathematics, the physical and natural sciences, and engineering because by an act of faith (based, to be sure, on a commonsense understanding of what these disciplines do) they decide that behind the jargon, which they do not understand (because it is a descriptive shorthand, familiarity with which requires special training), lies a *special subject matter amenable to technical treatment* which they *could* understand *if* they took the trouble. Thus the intelligent layman feels no shame or outrage at not being able to understand a technical article in a chemistry journal—or, for that matter, in not understanding the job specifications in a newspaper want ad for engineers. No such toleration is likely toward the technical vocabulary of sociology until it is accepted as a legitimate scientific profession.

That this acceptance is not forthcoming is due partly to the belief of many intellectuals that the technical vocabulary is not a natural concomitant of scientific enterprise, but rather an attempt to disguise the banality of the results of sociological studies: sociologists "belabor the obvious"; they lack insight, and substitute in its place a barrage of carefully "proven" platitudes. Doubtless, some sociologists do, but every intellectual discipline has its share of brilliant people, as well as hacks, and there is no reason to suppose that sociology has more than a normal complement of either.[4] That the hacks are identified as *representative* of sociology is probably due more to judgments regarding the quality of sociological prose rather than to any analysis of the significance of its contents. Certainly, the prose of sociologists may seem clumsy when compared to the efforts of those whose business it is to write well. But whereas the results of scientific endeavor can legitimately be expected to be true and important, one cannot legitimately expect either that science be beautiful or that scientists be literary stylists.

In short, then, the hue and cry about the jargon and turgidity of sociological prose, about the pretentiousness of its methodology and

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[4]This feature of the stereotype asserts only that sociologists are cliché experts. What is interesting is that there is no "objective correlative" sufficient to make comprehensible the passion with which sociologists are denounced for being—innocuous.

the banality of its preoccupations, is meaningful as criticism only if one assumes that sociology has no special subject matter amenable to technical treatment; if it has not, then it must be judged by the same criteria as general essays on social and cultural topics. But as long as sociologists commit themselves to the traditions of science, and address their work not to a general literate audience, but to a community of their colleagues, these criticisms cannot seem other than beside the point. For the continuing application of aesthetic criteria of judgment to a nonaesthetic pursuit reveals only a refusal to grant to sociology the status of a science.

B. *The Threat of Technique: The Sociologist as Diabolist.* Stereotypes generally contain contradictory elements, and the stereotype of the sociologist is no exception. For along with his alleged gifts for the labored cliché and the clumsy, inept sentence, the sociologist is also credited with the diabolical potential of making puppets out of men, of destroying their individuality with IBM machines, of robbing them of their "individual human dignity," and presiding, finally, over their total mechanization.[5] This image of the sociologist as diabolist[6] rests not on a conviction regarding the failure to define a specific subject matter, but on a fear regarding the success of sociological techniques, particularly statistics, which is seen by some intellectuals as *threatening* in two ways. First, the possibility of a science of society apparently implies the possibility of human behavior being controlled

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[5]If it be pointed out that punch cards, IBM machines, and statistical techniques generally are merely tools, and that men who call themselves sociologists have been in the forefront of the battle against the "mechanization of man" and the "loss of individuality," then as likely as not the alternative elements of the stereotype will be invoked to damn them. The contradictions are legion. Those who believe that there *cannot* be a science of sociology often believe also that there *ought* not to be one, although if one says that there cannot be a science of sociology, then the dictum that there ought not to be one is meaningless; while if one says that there *ought* not to be a science of sociology, then it must be possible that there *can* be one.

[6]It is possible that the contradictory images of the sociologist as "bumbler" and the sociologist as "diabolist" can be related to the two traditions of sociology, the first stemming from the American tradition of social reform, the latter stemming from the conservative European tradition of aristocratic privilege and the consequent right and responsibility of the aristocracy to "control" the fate of the masses.

or manipulated by those who know its "causes" or by those with access to this knowledge. This vision, fostered by stimulus-response psychology, nourished by the "sociological perspective," which finds the source of individual behavior in group influences (and thus runs head on into the myth of the autonomous individual), and made fearful by reports of brain washing and by novels like *1984* and *Brave New World*, is perhaps responsible for the peculiar ambivalence felt by some intellectuals toward the very *desirability* of a science of society. Sociology is thus seen as a potential threat to democratic society. Second, and more relevant in the present context, is the fact that the application of the techniques of science to human behavior is perceived as a threat to the viability of the most basic function of intellectuals in the Western tradition: to comment on and to interpret the meaning of contemporary experience.

III

The noun "intellectual" is one of those words which, in spite of lack of consensus regarding their meaning, continue to flourish in common usage. Attempts to define the term, to ask who the intellectuals are or what the intellectuals do, while useful, have seemed to me inconclusive. Certainly some intellectuals are "detached" or "free-floating"; surely a great number are "alienated"; doubtless "neurosis" is widespread among them; "irresponsibility," although currently out of fashion, is nevertheless affirmed by some of them. There is great magic in some of their bows; but, like Philoctetes, they often carry a corresponding wound whose stench forces them to live somewhat marginally. Finally, it is true that they create and transmit cultural values—sometimes. There are, however, two difficulties with these and similar attempts at definition. First, the relation between the key criteria of the definitions and the perspectives of the definers is generally only too transparent. Second, and for my purposes more interesting, is that although the word is part of common usage, the attempts to define it have generally ignored this fact. I propose here first to ask not who the intellectuals are or what they do, but rather who they are *thought* to be—whom do people have in mind when they use the term?—and only then to go on to the other questions.

In this connection, I was present a few years ago at a forum on "The Role of the Intellectual in Modern Society" held at the Museum

of Modern Art in New York. The panel members were Granville Hicks, Clement Greenberg, W. H. Auden, and Robert Gorham Davis. Auden spoke last, and at one point in his remarks he looked around at his colleagues on the platform as if to take note of the experts chosen to talk on this topic. Hicks, he said, was a novelist and literary critic; Davis was a literary critic and English professor; Greenberg was an art critic and an editor of *Commentary*; and Auden identified himself as a poet and critic. Had this forum been held in the Middle Ages, he pointed out, we panel members would have been mostly members of the clergy; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we would have been mostly natural scientists; in the twentieth century, we are mostly literary men.[7] Auden did not attempt to answer the question that he had left implicit, but the question is a very leading one because the contemporary image of the intellectual *is*, I believe, essentially a literary one—and in two senses: he is conceived *as* a literary man, and this conception has been reinforced by the fact that it is literary men who have been most interested in, and who have written most on, the problem of the intellectual.

But it would be a mistake to assume that, because the intellectual is conceived in the image of the literary man, his essential property is that he is an artist or a student of literature. His identification as an intellectual rests not on the aesthetic value of his novels, plays, poems, essays, or literary criticism, but on his assumption, through them, of the role of *commentator on contemporary culture and interpreter of contemporary experience*.[8] But if the intellectuals are those who assume this role, Auden's implicit question still remains: Why,

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[7]Although one's conception of who "the intellectuals" are is largely a function of one's own intellectual level and preoccupations, the existence of subcultural phenomena does not prevent us from making statements about cultural worlds as wholes. Thus in spite of sub-cultural variations, the answer to "who are the intellectuals" is likely consistently to include: Camus, Sartre, Malraux, and de Beauvoir in France; Eliot, Auden, and the group around *Encounter* in England; Silone, Praz, Moravia, and Vittorini in Italy; and in the United States the writers associated with *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, the literary quarterlies, and the "little magazines."

[8]With the publication and reception of *The Lonely Crowd*, David Riesman emancipated himself, in the eyes of the community of intellectuals, from bearing the burden of identification as a "sociologist"; that is to say, he became an intellectual.

in our time, has it been typically literary men who have assumed the role of the intellectual? It is in attempting to answer this question that the relation between "the intellectuals" and the stereotyping of sociologists will become clear.

In our time literary men have pre-empted the intellectual's role because of (A) their maximal freedom from the parochial demands of technical specialization, (B) their freedom (within their status as literary men) to make large and uncompromising judgments about values, and (C) their maximal freedom from institutional restraints.

A. *Specialization.* Intellectuals, I have said, are commentators on contemporary culture and interpreters of contemporary experience; they are critics, liberal or conservative, radical or reactionary, of contemporary life. The range of their competence is not circumscribed; it includes nothing less than the entire cultural life of a people. If they are academic men, they may be specialists in various subjects; but their professional specialties do not generally interfere with their being intellectuals. In the humanities, and particularly in literature, a specialty usually consists of *expertise* regarding a given historical period and the figures important to one's discipline who are associated with it: Dr. Johnson and the English literature of the eighteenth century; the significance of Gide in the French literature of the twentieth century; Prince Metternich and the history of Europe after 1815; Kant, Hegel, and German Idealism 1750-1820. Specialties like these do not militate against one's assuming the role of the intellectual, because the traditions of humanistic study encourage the apprehension of cultural wholes; they encourage commentary and interpretation regarding the "backgrounds"—social, cultural, intellectual, spiritual—of the subject matter one is expert about. The humanities—and particularly literature—offer to intellectuals a professional status which impedes little if at all the fulfillment of their function as intellectuals. On the other hand, the commitment of empirical sociology to "scientific method" frequently renders it incompetent to deal with the "big problems," and often instills in sociologists a trained incapacity to say anything they cannot prove.

B. *Values.* In commenting on contemporary culture and in interpreting contemporary experience, intellectuals are under no seriously sanctioned injunction to be "detached" or "objective." Unlike the

sociologist, who functions under the rule of strict separation between facts and values, the intellectual is expected to judge and evaluate, to praise and blame, to win adherents to his point of view and to defend his position against his intellectual enemies. In the context of free debate among intellectuals, the exercise of this function takes the form of polemics; in an academic context, it develops into the phenomenon of "schools of thought." The point is that, whereas in sociology the existence of schools of thought is an embarrassment to everyone (since it is a constant reminder that not enough is *known*—in science, opinion is tolerated only where facts are not available), in the humanities the existence of schools of thought is accepted as normal and proper, because the humanities actively encourage evaluation, the development of point of view, and heterogeneity of interpretation.

C. *Freedom from Institutional Restraints.* Literary men have been able, more than members of other intellectual professions, to resist the tendencies toward the bureaucratization of intellectual life. This has been possible because of the large market for fiction in the United States, and because of the opportunities of selling critical and interpretive articles to the high- and middle-brow magazines, which, in spite of repeated protestations to the contrary, continue to flourish in this country. The ability of free lance writers to support themselves without depending upon a salary from a university or other large organization maximizes their freedom to be critics of contemporary life.[9] Such opportunities are not typically available to sociologists. In addition, major sociological research is increasingly "team" research, while literary and humanistic research in universities is still largely a matter of individual scholarship. Obviously, collective responsibility for a work restrains the commentaries and interpretations of its authors; the individual humanistic scholar, usually responsible only to himself, is free from the restraints imposed by the conditions of collective research.[10]

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[9]I am aware that this assertion seems to imply a view of institutions as conservative, and a view of intellectuals as liberal or radical critics of them; this implication is not intended.

[10]The question of why the intellectuals have flocked to positions in the universities in the past ten years is an interesting one. I have asserted that free-lanceness facilitates the fulfillment of the intellectual's role, and the movement to the uni-

The purpose of this discussion of the intellectuals has been to highlight the fact that although sociology has arrogated to itself the right to *expertise* regarding society and culture, its commitment to the traditions of science (narrow specialization, objectivity, and team research) militates against sociologists assuming the role of the intellectual. The business of intellectuals has always been the critical discussion and evaluation of the affairs of contemporary men, or, if I may repeat it once more, to comment on contemporary culture and interpret contemporary experience. When the sociologist arrogates *expertise* regarding the affairs of contemporary men, he is perceived as saying, in effect, that he *knows* more about the affairs of contemporary men than the intellectual does; and once this implication is received into the community of intellectuals, the issue is joined. The fact of this implication becomes one more fact of contemporary experience to which the intellectuals can devote their critical faculties—and with considerable relish, because the implication seems to threaten the basis of their right to the position which, as intellectuals, they hold.

Even those intellectuals with sympathies for the goals of sociology often exhibit a fundamental underestimation of the consequences of its commitment to science. The characteristic plea of these people is an exhortation to "grapple with the *big* problems."[11] Although this advice is without doubt well intentioned, it characteristically underestimates the degree to which the mores of science and the respon-

[11]Among these intellectuals, one often finds people who, by profession, are sociologists themselves; and this fact creates an added complexity. For one sector of the sociological profession is humanistic in its intellectual traditions, its characteristic substantive interests, and its methods of investigation. These sociologists often harbor the intellectual's stereotype of "the sociologist"——but in a diluted and ambivalent form, because it involves their professional loyalties, and because they are living refutations of the accuracy of the image.

versities apparently contradicts this assertion. One hypothesis that seems tenable to me is that, as a well-insulated intellectual institution, the university can, to a considerable extent, successfully resist the dominant social pressures. In an age dominated by radical and rebellious sentiments among the intellectuals, as were the first forty years of this century, the universities may seem to be the source of reaction and apologetics for the *status quo*; but in the intellectual atmosphere of the last ten years, the universities seem to be a fortress (not quite impregnable) of free critical thought.

sibility of foundations and university research institutes can command the type of work sociologists do. I mean by this simply that the sociologist is responsible to the community of social scientists for the *scientific* value of his work, and that university research institutes are sensitive to charges of financing "biased" or "controversial" research (a possibility that is maximized when one deals with the "big problems"). And when the "big problems" *are* grappled with, for example, in books like *The American Soldier* and *The Authoritarian Personality*, or in other types of work like *The Lonely Crowd*, *White Collar*, and *The Power Elite*, controversy and polemic follow. For the sympathetic intellectual's exhortation to the sociologist to "grapple with the big problems" says, in effect, "don't be a scientist, be a humanist; be an intellectual." This implication is supported by the respectful (if not totally favorable) reception given by intellectuals to the works of Riesman and Mills (least encumbered with the trappings of science), and their utter hostility to works like *The American Soldier*, which fairly bristles with the method of science.[12]

There is one more source of the intellectual's hostility to sociology that I would like to examine, a source that was anticipated by Weber in his lecture on science as a vocation. For if it is true that intellectualization and rationalization, to which science commits itself and of which it is a part, means "that principally there are no mysterious incalculable forces that come into play, but rather that one can, in principle, master all things by calculation,"[13] then it is not only true, as Weber said, that "the world is disenchanted," but also true that the social scientist is perceived as challenging that tradition of humanism and art which has subsisted on the view that the world *is* en-

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[12]As "big" books, all five of these contain something of value; the point is that the works by Riesman and Mills are clearly "intellectual" works in that they use data to illustrate a "thesis." They are clearly commentaries and interpretations of contemporary experience, and as such are grist for the intellectual's mill. It is this that makes them "interesting" and reviewable in the prominent periodicals of the intellectuals. *The American Soldier* and *The Authoritarian Personality* are less "interesting" to intellectuals because their primary intent is to report facts, not to diagnose, warn, or exhort. Nothing can kill an argument as quickly as a fact.

[13]Max Weber, *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology* (Oxford University Press, 1946), p. 139 (ed. by Gerth and Mills).

chanted, and that man is the mystery of mysteries. To the carriers of this tradition, every work of art and every poetic insight constitutes further proof that the world is enchanted, and that the source of man's gift to make art and to have poetic insight is a mystery made more mysterious by each illumination. The power of this tradition should not be underestimated; it is well rooted in the thinking of modern literature, with its antiscientific temper and its faith in the recalcitrance of men to yield up their deepest secrets to the generalizations of science. From Wordsworth's "to dissect is to kill," to Mallarmé's "whatever is sacred, whatever is to remain sacred, must be clothed in mystery," to Cummings' "mysteries alone are significant," the tradition has remained strong. And surely, it must have reached its apotheosis when, before a Harvard audience, Cummings made the following pronouncement:

> I am someone who proudly and humbly affirms that love is the mystery of mysteries, and that nothing measurable matters "a very good God damn": that "an artist, a man, a failure," is no mere whenfully accreting mechanism, but a givingly eternal complexity—neither some soulless and heartless ultra-predatory infra-animal nor any un-understandingly knowing and believing and thinking automation, but a naturally and miraculously whole human being—a feelingly illimitable individual; whose only happiness is to transcend himself, whose every agony is to grow. (E. E. Cummings, *six nonlectures*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1955, pp. 110-111.)

Intellectuals in this tradition seem to believe that the fulfillment of the goals of social science necessarily means that the creative powers of man will be "explained away," that his freedom will be denied, his "naturalness" mechanized, and his "miraculousness" made formula; that Cummings' "feelingly illimitable individual" will be shown up as a quite limited and determined "social product," whose every mystery and transcendence can be formulated, if not on a pin, then within the framework of some sociological theory.[14] It is no wonder,

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[14]Nowhere is this made more clear than in the hostility of artists to the sociology of knowledge, art, or intellectual life. Artists resist having their work "explained" in terms of ideology, class, milieu, spirit of the age, and so forth, even when they are assured that this explanation of its sources in no way impugns the "truth" or the "integrity" of the work; somehow, the feeling persists among artists that a sociological explanation of the sources of their work makes it, in some way, "not theirs." This, I suppose, is one of the more or less rueful consequences of the belief that man is *sui generis*.

then, that a vision as fearsome as this can provoke the simultaneous convictions that a science of society is both impossible and evil.

IV

It is no great step from the stereotypes consequent to ethnic and racial diversity to the stereotypes consequent to the diversity of occupational specialization. In those occupations which claim technical, professional status, occupations in which advanced, specialized training is necessary, it is likely that occupational stereotypes should find fertile ground because those on the "outside" have only secondary, derivative "knowledge" of the occupation. It is likely to be even more true of those professions which, like sociology, are so new that the nature of their subject matter is still being discussed by their members, and *still* more true if the new profession, by arrogating to itself a field of study formerly "belonging" to someone else (or to everyone else), raises, either intentionally or unintentionally by implication, invidious questions of relative competence.

Noteworthy in this regard is the fact that the social sciences which have been most active in the "interdisciplinary" tendencies of recent years are sociology, cultural anthropology, and psychology—precisely those disciplines with the most broadly defined subject matter. Each of these claims nothing less, in effect, than the totality of man's non-physiological behavior as the field of its special competence; and it is no wonder that economics and political science, whose claims are considerably more modest (i.e., whose subject matter is relatively clearly and narrowly defined), have not found it strikingly to their interests to participate much in this convergence. For it is no doubt partly a matter of common professional interest as well as a matter of theoretical clarification that is behind this pooling of their intellectual resources by sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists. The satire[15] (which invokes the extant stereotype) to which social scientists are submitted is of common concern to them, for the public

[15]Apparently large numbers of people find it rather amusing to indulge fantasies of anthropologists being eaten by cannibals, to hear of a sociologist who spends $10,000 to find a brothel, and to trivialize psychology by reference now to rats, now to the couch.

image of the social sciences, largely created by the commentaries of intellectuals on them, is related to the amount of public support that the social sciences receive.

The stereotype of sociology and sociologists is part of a larger configuration which stereotypes social science in general; sociology, however, is the most successfully maligned of the social sciences. This special vulnerability is due largely to its relative lack of the sources of prestige available to the other social sciences. Economics commands a respect consequent to its age, to the generally accepted legitimacy of its subject matter, to its demonstrated usefulness, and to the wide variety of jobs available to people trained in it. Cultural anthropology borrows scientific prestige from physical anthropology and archeology, and gets some of its own as a result of its concern with the esoteric subject matter of primitive peoples. Political science has the prestigious correlates of law, diplomacy, and international relations. Clinical psychology has the towering figure of Freud, an affinity to medicine, and the presence of the almost mythic dimensions of The Psychiatrist. Unlike economics, sociology has no hoary past, and no long line of employers clamoring for access to its skills. Unlike clinical psychology, it has no founding figure generally recognized as seminal in the history of western science; and the tenuousness of the concept of a "sick society" denies to sociology the status of a clinical discipline, and hence the prestige that accrues to The Healer. Unlike political science, it has neither an empirical nor an historical relation to the high concerns of nations, governments, or law; and unlike cultural anthropology, it has neither empirical roots nor an esoteric subject matter. Not only is sociology's subject matter not esoteric, but its traditional concern with such peripheral problems of social life as crime, delinquency, and divorce, and others conventionally classified under the rubric "social disorganization," quite likely tends, as Merton has suggested, to diminish its prestige.

Sociology, then, is *vulnerable* to stereotyping; its position in the contemporary structure of the intellectual professions exposes it to criticism from all sides. In numbers the weakest of the social sciences, it is the bastard son of the humanities, from which it gets its subject matter, and the sciences, from which it gets its methods. Fully acknowledged by neither parent, it finds itself in the role of *upstart*,

now utilizing the existing methods of science, now improvising new scientific methods, in an attempt to make the enchanted data of the humanities yield up their mysteries.

Like ethnic stereotypes, which are fostered by segregation and reinforced by the consequent cultural isolation, intellectual stereotypes are fostered by professional specialization and reinforced by the diverse (and sometimes conflicting) perspectives developed in each.[16] The lack of an intellectual perspective that transcends the provincialism generated by the limitations of a specialized perspective makes one susceptible to clichés and stereotypic thinking about related fields of study. In race and interethnic relations, the marginal man has, with his proverbial "one foot in each culture," provided this transcendent perspective. Humanist intellectuals can fulfill this function in intellectual life by addressing their criticisms of sociology *to sociologists*, rather than to their own colleagues; for it is the ironic fact that in writing to his own colleagues about sociology, the humanist intellectual himself tends to use obvious clichés to which his immersion in his own perspective blinds him.[17] The kind of cross-fertilization that might be achieved by having humanist intellectual perspectives critically directed at an *audience of sociologists*, perhaps *in* a sociological journal, might go a long way toward providing this transcendent perspective.

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[16]How, for example, is a social scientist to respond to literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman, when, in a recent article on Freud and the psychoanalytical movement, he praises Freud because, by locating the source of the neuroses in the instincts, he *permits the possibility of dramatic tragedy in literature*, and condemns the neo-Freudians because, by locating the source of the neuroses in culture and society, they *deny the possibility of inherent tragic flaws*? Is the worth of a psychological theory to be measured in terms of how well it supports an aesthetic theory? (Stanley Edgar Hyman, "Freud and the Climate of Tragedy," *Partisan Review*, Spring, 1956; see p. 211.)

[17]Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s review of *The American Soldier* contains a catalogue of these clichés. See his "The Statistical Soldier," *Partisan Review*, 1949, p. 853.

Selections from the Poetry of Odysseus Elytes

Translated by Edmund Keeley

BODY OF SUMMER

A long time has passed since the last rain was heard
Above the ants and lizards
Now the endless sun burns
The fruit paints its mouth
The pores in the earth now open slowly
And beside the water that drips in syllables
A huge plant stares in the eye of the sun.

Who is he that lies on the upper shores
Stretched on his back, smoking silver-burnt olive leaves?
The cicadas grow warm in his ears
The ants are at work on his chest
Lizards slide in the verdure of his armpits
And over the seaweed of his feet a wave rolls lightly
Sent by the little siren that sang:

"O body of summer, naked, burnt
Eaten away by oil and salt
Body of the rock and shudder of the heart
Great ruffle of wind in the willow's hair
Breath of basil above the curly pubic mound

A business executive living in Athens, Odysseus Elytes is recognized as one of the major living poets in Greece. Edmund Keeley has spent a good part of his life in Greece. He is at present Assistant Professor of English at Princeton University.

Full of stars and pine needles
Body, deep vessel of the day!"

Slow rains come, violent hail
The land passes beaten, into the claws of the north wind
Which darkens in the depths with furious waves
The hills sink into the dense udders of the clouds
And yet behind all this you laugh without care
And find again your deathless hour
As the sun finds you again on the sandy shores
As the sky finds you again in your naked health.

THIS WIND THAT SAUNTERS

This wind that saunters through the quinces
This bug that sucks the vines
This stone that the scorpion wears next to his skin
And these stacks on the threshing floor
That play the giant to small barefoot children

The images of chaos
On walls the pines scratched with their fingers
This white-wash that carries the noonday on its back
And the cicadas, the cicadas in the ears of the trees.

Great summer of chalk
Great summer of cork
The red sails slanting in gusts of wind
On the sea-floor all-blond creatures—sponges
Accordions of the rocks
Perch even from the fingers of bad fishermen.
Proud roofs on the fishing lines of the sun.

No one will tell our fate, and that's that.
We ourselves will tell the sun's fate, and that's that.

WE WALKED ALL DAY AMONG THE FIELDS

We walked all day among the fields
With our women, suns, and dogs
We played, sang, and drank water
Fresh as it sprang from the ages.

In the afternoon we sat down for a moment
And we looked deeply into each other's eyes
A butterfly flew from our hearts
It was whiter
Than the small white branch at the tip of our dreams
We knew that it would never be extinguished
That it did not remember at all what worms it bore.

At night we lit a fire
And round about it sang:

Fire, lovely fire, do not pity the logs
Fire, lovely fire, do not decline to ash
Fire, lovely fire, burn us
tell us our life.

We tell our life, we take it by the hands
We look into its eyes and it returns our look
And if this which makes us drunk is a magnet, we know it
And if this which pains us is bad, we have felt it
We tell our life, we go ahead
And say farewell to its birds which are migrating now.

We are of a good generation.

WITH WHAT STONES, WHAT BLOOD, AND WHAT IRON

With what stones, what blood, and what iron,
With what fire are we made
Though we seem pure mist
And they stone us and say
That we walk with our heads in the clouds
How we pass our days and nights
God only knows.

My friend, when the night turns on your electric sorrow
I see the tree of your heart spreading
Your hands open beneath a purely white idea
That you entreat to descend
And yet it won't
For years and years
High up there it stays, and you down here

And yet longing's vision awakens flesh one day
And there where only bare solitude once shone
A lovely city now laughs as you wished it
You are about to see it, there it waits for you
Give me your hand so that we may go before the Dawn
Floods it with cries of triumph

Give me your hand—before birds gather
On the shoulders of men and sing
Of seaborne virgin Hope arriving at last
From far away!

Let us go together though they stone us
And say we walk with our heads in the clouds
My friend, those who have never felt
With what iron, what stones, what blood, what fire
We build, dream, and sing.

MARINA OF THE ROCKS

You have a taste of tempest on your lips—but where did you wander
All day long in the hard reverie of stone and sea?
An eagle-bearing wind stripped the hills
Stripped your longing to the bone
And the pupils of your eyes have taken up the baton of chimera
Spotting memory with foam!
Where is the familiar slope of short September
On the red earth where you played, looking down
At the broad bean rows of the other girls
The corners where your friends left armfuls of rosemary?

But where did you wander
All night long in the hard reverie of stone and sea?
I told you to count in the naked water its luminous days
On your back to rejoice in the dawn of things
Or again to wonder on yellow plains
With a clover light on your breast, heroine of iambs.

You have a taste of tempest on your lips
And a dress as red as blood
Deep in the gold of summer
And the perfume of hyacinths—but where did you wander
Descending toward the shores, the pebbled bays?
There was cold salty seaweed there
But deeper a human feeling that bled
And you opened your arms in astonishment saying his name
Climbing lightly to the clearness of the depths
Where your own star-fish shone.

Listen. The word is the prudence of the last
And time is a passionate sculptor of men
And the sun stands over it, a beast of hope

And you, closer to it, clasp a love
With a bitter taste of tempest on your lips.

It is not for you to reckon, blue to the bone, that there will be
another summer,
For the rivers to change their bed
And take you back to their mother
For you to kiss other cherry trees
Or ride on the northwest wind.

Propped on the rocks, without yesterday or tomorrow,
Facing the dangers of the rocks with a hurricane's hairdo
You will say farewell to the riddle that is yours.

The AFPFL—Continuity in Burmese Politics

By JOHN SEABURY THOMSON

In Rangoon and throughout Burma a fascinating metamorphosis has been taking place over the twelve years since the end of World War II, one which, though largely overlooked, is raising the level of hopes for democracy in the free world. The revolutionary coalition, which was dominated by Communists and Socialists of the Leninist anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist school and which forced the British government to grant Burma independence, has slowly evolved into a democratic socialist party. This party, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL), is now firmly wedded to western democratic principles and has as its goal a welfare state for Burma. Though its original program called for the nationalization of all basic economic projects and the ultimate ouster of all alien capitalists, today it not only tolerates but actively encourages private investment, both domestic and foreign, for the development of the country. And the government has recently announced its intention to withdraw—to sell to private investors insofar as possible—from all but the key economic ventures.

The Burmese political metamorphosis is all the more remarkable—in fact, unique—as it has been accomplished in the face of the assassination of the coalition's founder and president, the defection of its second-in-command and large segments of its membership, years of fierce civil war, foreign intervention, and extensive material and economic devastation. And it has been accomplished through democratic processes in which all Burmese citizens, 18 and over, excepting only those in armed opposition to the government, have had the right to vote in fair and free elections. In Southeast Asia only the Philippine Republic can approach this record and there the political leadership

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has had longer experience and was never inclined toward the extreme left. Throughout the years since independence the leadership of the coalition has been in the hands of the same small—and popularly elected—group of men, the best known of whom are U Nu, Burma's prime minister, and U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein, deputy prime ministers and leaders in Burma's Socialist Party.

Probably the unique quality of the coalition, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, is that it has successfully peeled off and discarded its radical and extremist elements—two separate bands of Communists and the left-wing Socialists—and has still emerged as a democratic party. Twice since independence the AFPFL has won overwhelming popular support in the general elections. Most recently, in the elections of April, 1956, the AFPFL and its associated parties won 179 of the 250 seats in the Chamber of Deputies to the combined opposition's 61.[1]

With a continuous record in office and an enviable majority to work with, the AFPFL started its new term with little outward sign of being in trouble. Yet, less than six weeks after the elections, on June 5, U Nu resigned after nine years as prime minister to spend most of the year reorganizing his party: "Not the program," he told reporters, "which remains unchanged. But the personnel. Call it a purge."[2] For nine months he devoted himself to this unpopular task. Party-president Nu, along with others, had seen cracks developing in the party structure. Though the government party was holding its own in the popular vote, compared to 1952, the number of opposition MPs had nearly doubled. And reports of insurgent violence at the polls were matched with reports of coercion and heavy-handed dealings on the part of district AFPFL officials.

Let none mistake it, Nu warned in a nationwide broadcast: The AFPFL, for all its proud beginnings, could well follow the fate of Chiang Kai Shek's "great organization," the Kuomintang, which "due

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[1]Insurgent action has postponed balloting in the ten remaining constituencies. For a detailed study of the elections, see Josef Silverstein, "Politics, Parties and National Elections in Burma" in the *Far Eastern Survey*, December, 1956.

[2]For quotations and other facts, except as otherwise mentioned in the footnotes, I have relied largely on the 1955-57 files of *The Nation*, one of Rangoon's five English language dailies, a paper known for its independence and for its forthright criticism (and, when warranted, praise) of the government and its programs.

to the cancer of corruption and injustice in its rank and file, fell like a dog." U Nu appealed to "all good people in the AFPFL" to cooperate in ridding the party of the selfish and corrupt officials in their districts who were building up protest votes for the opposition—even where the opposition candidates might be known "stooges" of foreign powers. If the party fell because of them, these men deserved "to float in the spit of the people." On this occasion (June, 1956), as on others where he felt his principles deeply involved, the mild-mannered Nu used strong and impassioned speech, and, also characteristically, included a surprising abundance of earthy metaphors. "We have a Burmese saying, 'A rotten fish makes the whole boat foul-smelling,' and because of these few black sheep the AFPFL is in disrepute today." Again, in September, Nu warned the district AFPFL leaders of Rangoon to reform—or be prepared to give up power.

By the end of December, 1956, AFPFL headquarters announced that U Nu was ready to resume the prime ministership and he did so on March 1. Though details of the purge are not available, cryptic notices have appeared regularly in the Burmese press throughout the nine-month period reporting the demotion, expulsion or arrest of various district AFPFL officials, and the central headquarters of the party in Rangoon is said to be still reviewing reports on the activities of district leaders. U Nu is apparently satisfied with his purge. His willingness to return to the high office seems to mean that he is assured of his party's health and resilience. If the AFPFL should fall from power now, it would land on its feet "like a cat" and rise again.

In its short past the AFPFL has already demonstrated its powers of survival, which are all the more remarkable in a country which has almost no tradition of party regularity or stability. Unlike the National Congress Party of India with its long experience of organization and political leadership in the prewar period, the AFPFL has organizational roots dating only as far back as the late 1930's. Its leaders were high school and college students who then had little following outside student groups and were looked on by both British and Burmese political leaders as radical extremists.

Founded in August, 1944, as the "Anti-Fascist Organization," the AFPFL, as it was known from 1945 on, was strictly a wartime coalition of nationalists dedicated to driving the "Japanese Fascists" from Burma. It was made up of various resistance groups which had been function-

ing separately since early 1943 and banded together under the leadership of the 28-year-old Socialist Bogyoke (General) Aung San, who was also commander-in-chief of the Burma Defense Army and minister of defense in the Japanese-sponsored government. Even though the coalition's second objective was full independence from Britain, it was prepared to co-operate with all forces fighting Japan, domestic and foreign, including the allied South East Asia Command of Lord Mountbatten.

The AFPFL was strongly leftist from the start. The three major organizations forming the coalition were Aung San's Army, the Burma Communist Party, led by Thakin Than Tun, and the People's Revolutionary Party (later the Socialist Party). Of the three, it was the Communists, with the smallest membership, which had the most successful and able organization. The AFPFL was also joined by representative groups from all sections of Burma and from all the existing political and ethnic organizations as well as by individuals with no party affiliation. But actually, most of the AFPFL's leadership through the years came from the Thakins, the prewar student leaders, who also originally organized both the Communist and Socialist parties.

From 1944 to 1947 this all-inclusive coalition was held firmly together against both Japanese and British by its common opposition to foreign rule—and loyalty to Aung San. As in the other nationalist coalitions in Southeast Asia—Indonesia and Viet Nam in particular—the lack of common goals beyond independence, which made for strength during the struggle, held the certain danger of later disintegration. In 1945, the British were astonished to find the AFPFL so strongly united. Post-independence, this same coalition was all but shattered by major defections and civil war.

When the civil government of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith returned from exile in 1945 Aung San refused to co-operate unless the AFPFL were given control in the Governor's Council and unless full self-government were immediately assured. At that time the Governor and his Burmese advisors fully expected the moderates of the country to rally to them. But their expectations were wrong and even offers of well-paid ministerial posts failed to weaken the coalition or to distract it from its purpose. The government Sir Reginald was able to organize had almost no popular support and was incapable of controlling the AFPFL-sponsored general strikes. It was known, also, that

the AFPFL was prepared to go into armed revolt within the year if its demands were not met. This deadlock lasted until 1946 when the British yielded and replaced Sir Reginald with Sir Hubert Rance. Prime Minister Clement Attlee announced Britain's readiness to negotiate Burma's independence either in the Commonwealth or outside it and Aung San was invited to organize a provisional government.

Having won these concessions, Aung San went to London in December, 1946 and in the following month, on January 27, 1947, the Aung San-Attlee Agreement was signed laying the foundations for Burmese independence. Though rifts in the coalition appeared at this time—two right-wing members of the delegation refused to sign the agreement—elections for a Constituent Assembly were held on April 7 and the AFPFL won overwhelmingly. The AFPFL captured 155 of the 172 seats open to general Burmese vote and its associated Karen organization took 16 of the 24 seats reserved to the Karens.[3] Most of the Karens, however, suspicious of AFPFL intentions, abstained from voting.[4] The prewar political leaders of Burma, seeing no hope of winning against the powerful coalition, boycotted the elections entirely. And the Communist Party, though co-operating with the AFPFL, ran separate candidates in 25 constituencies against the AFPFL-designated candidates. The Communists took only seven seats in this way, however, and when the representatives selected from the frontier areas—the Shans, Chins, Kachins and Karenni (now Kayahs)—came to the Assembly they lined up with the AFPFL, assuring it of almost complete support.

Sir Hubert's speed in appointing Thakin Nu to replace Aung San after the State Assassinations saved the peace in Burma and allowed the progress toward independence to continue smoothly. Thakin Nu (who dropped the "Thakin" in 1952 to become U Nu) was then vice-president of the AFPFL and president of the Constituent Assembly,

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[3]Under the Government of Burma Act of 1935 certain seats in the House of Representatives were reserved to the non-Burmese communities and the elections for the Constituent Assembly followed the same pattern. Forty-five seats were assigned to the frontier areas, 24 to the Karens and 4 to the Anglo-Burmans.

[4]Maurice Collis reports that the Karens, who joined the AFPFL to drive out the Japanese, were far from enthusiastic about an independent Burma, in which they would be an ethnic minority dominated by Burmans. Collis, *Last and First in Burma*, pp. 185 and 219.

a widely respected and effective leader in the coalition, though without the force and personal following of his predecessor. The Constituent Assembly, debating the Constitution clause by clause, adopted it unanimously and on October 17, 1947 the Nu-Attlee agreement was signed in London granting full independence to Burma, which went into effect on January 4, 1948.

By independence the AFPFL was quite thoroughly changed in make-up from the coalition which had been formed to resist the Japanese. Even as the Constituent Assembly was being elected, the Socialists moved into controlling positions within the organizations. Prior to 1946, although the Socialist Aung San held the top post, most of the important positions had been in the hands of Communists and it was the Communist Party which had the strongest hold on the countryside. Thakin Than Tun, Aung San's brother-in-law and the most influential of the Communist leaders, was secretary-general of the AFPFL and clearly one of its dominant figures. (In fact, he was quite ready to dispute Aung San's authority and felt the leadership belonged by right to him instead.) The Burma Communist Party itself, however, was by no means unified. When Than Tun reluctantly gave the party's support to Aung San's negotiations with the British, Thakin Soe, a fanatical Communist and guerilla leader of the resistance, holding out for a military victory, split off in March, 1946, to form a separate Communist Party of Burma (CPB, as distinct from the BCP).

In 1946 both the Communists and Socialists were engaging in extensive organization and recruiting activities in a race for strength within the coalition. The Communists concentrated on labor and peasant groups, where they had a strong start, and in the country where the Communist and AFPFL headquarters were often staffed by the same men, the two organizations were widely considered to be the same. The Socialists, while also attempting to capture labor and peasant followings, looked for support from the more conservative national elements and organized most strongly in the major cities of Rangoon and Mandalay. In the village areas the Socialists had almost no foothold and often, according to observers' reports, had to turn to local groups of a highly disreputable character——some of which, entrenched in power over the years, U Nu is currently trying to purge. During this period the Communists made considerable inroads, also,

among the veterans of the disbanded Burma National Army, and after Aung San's death in 1947 they did even better.

In July, 1946, the AFPFL leadership forced Than Tun to resign as its secretary general in favor of the Socialist leader, U Kyaw Nyein. Unrepentant, Than Tun continued to foment trouble in the coalition and openly opposed the conservatives brought in by the Socialists. Finally on November 3, 1946, he was formally expelled from the AFPFL along with the whole of the BCP. The breach has never been healed and the coalition has never had open Communist members since that time.

When U Nu took over as prime minister at the time of independence the biggest problem he faced was to recreate unity among the forces of the coalition. To do this he was conciliatory in the extreme toward the ambitions of the Communists. Negotiations with the Communist leadership continued through the opening months of 1948, even after it had gone underground in armed revolt. In an effort to win the Communists back into the government, as late as May 25, 1948, U Nu announced a 15-point program of Leftist Unity of which the final point was the unlikely offer to set up a "league for the propagation of Marxist Doctrine."[5] Nu's Leftist Unity program carried his government so far into the Communist camp that foreign diplomats were prepared to write off the Union of Burma as Communist. Even the Buddhist *pongyis* (monks) and close colleagues within the AFPFL protested, and later Nu admitted that if his associates had not trusted him implicitly they would have expelled him from the party as a Communist. (Similarly, within the same year, in his conciliatory efforts to hold the Karen rebels to the government, he said that he was beginning to acquire the "uncomplimentary" title of Karen Nu.)

Even Nu's abject near-surrender failed acceptance. The Communists apparently overestimated their strength and preferred either complete control or the anarchy of civil war. Later, after a year of fighting and negotiation, on March 24, 1949, the Communist reply to a proposed meeting with government representatives in Rangoon was: Thakin Nu would be arrested and arraigned before a People's Court. There was not much more the government could do toward conciliation. Yet in the same year all the Socialist ministers were

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[5]Thakin Nu, *Toward Peace and Democracy*, p. 94.

willing to resign for a period of several months to facilitate continuing negotiations, also unsuccessful, while nonparty leaders of national standing took their places. Even as recently as March, 1956 the government was still trying for a negotiated settlement and held out amnesty offers on generous terms to insurgents who would surrender their arms and come out of the jungle, and, though the amnesty has now expired, clemency is still offered to those who will surrender.[6]

When the Communists went into armed revolt, they started a chain of similar defections and the AFPFL was faced with the loss of first one and then another element of its support. The major portion of the Burma Army veterans rebelled in June, 1948, without officially joining either of the Communist groups. Similarly, as a result of old animosities and poor handling, important segments of the Karen and Mon ethnic groups followed them, carrying along with them a large part of the Burma Army and its equipment. And in 1949 at the height of the insurgency the Ministerial Services Union, a postwar union of government workers, went on strike and very nearly destroyed all semblance of orderly government administration. After 1950, Chinese Nationalist troops, which had retreated across the border into northeastern Burma, also stood their ground, defying the AFPFL's authority. It was truly remarkable—and also very close—that the government survived in the face of its "multi-colored" insurgents. From the military point of view credit rests with the loyalty of the core of the Army and the limited, but essential, assistance in arms and ammunition from the United Kingdom and from Burma's Commonwealth neighbors, India and Ceylon.[7]

Credit goes, too, to the loyalty of the civil service and the outstanding courage and imagination of the AFPFL leaders. Even when the government's effective control was limited to the capital city of Rangoon, and not even to all of it, these men had the courage to stay on and to initiate as much as they could of their programs for the development of the country. Politically this meant the development of democratic institutions nationally and on the local level. Economically,

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[6]For U Nu's detailed account of the AFPFL's negotiations with the Communists, see *The Nation* (Rangoon), September 24, 1956.

[7]See Thakin Nu, *Toward Peace and Democracy*, p. 209. Also, the *Burma Weekly Bulletin*, New Series, Vol. 4, No. 26, (September 29, 1955), pp. 196-197.

it meant the return of the wealth of Burma to the people. Though the political goal of democratic elections and local self-government had to be postponed because of the insurrections, the process of nationalization of foreign monopolies started almost immediately. In the first year of independence bills were passed for nationalizing the teak industry, inland water transport services, and the land. Progress which the public could see and appreciate was being made toward fulfilling the party pledges dating from before independence.[8]

The expulsion of the Communists from the AFPFL which left it in Socialist control, did not, however, insure its being a unified body, and the left-wing Socialists by 1950 were opposing the moderate party leadership all along the line. By the end of the year they, too, found themselves expelled from the AFPFL. In 1945-46 in the period of competition with the Communists for control of the AFPFL, the Socialists organized the Trade Union Congress of Burma (TUCB) to compete with the Communist-dominated All Burma Trade Union Congress (ABTUC). This organization, under left-wing Socialist leadership, attracted little support until the Communist expulsion, when it came to be the dominant labor organization in Burma.

Early in 1950 these left-wingers attempted to take the TUCB into the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions and further alienated themselves from the AFPFL by publicly protesting Burma's support to the United Nations action in Korea. Censured, they remained members of the AFPFL and the Socialist Party until December 8, 1950, when they withdrew, carrying 43 other Socialist leaders with them, and organized the Burma Workers and Peasants Party (BWPP). On December 17, 1950 the AFPFL expelled "all present and future members" of the BWPP and since that time the BWPP (now merged into the National Unity Front) has served as the spokesman in Parliament for the insurgents and the outlawed Communist parties. Ousted from the TUCB, the BWPP has organized a rival labor organization, the Burma Trade Union Congress (BTUC), which so far has attracted little support or membership.

The defection of the left-wing Socialists probably strengthened

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[8] For a detailed discussion of the AFPFL survival, see Frank Trager's chapter "Why the Insurgents Failed" in Trager and Associates: *Burma* (New Haven) 1956.

the AFPFL more than it weakened it. It left the Socialist Party better unified than ever before, reduced party controversy to a minimum and left the leadership firmly in the hands of U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein, founding members of the party and its ablest organizers and strategists.

The elections of 1951-52, soon after the last major defection, showed the high degree of popular trust the AFPFL continued to hold through the country. In these elections, held piecemeal as one area after another was made safe for voting, the AFPFL won overwhelming victories in both houses. In the Chamber of Deputies, with 238 seats at stake, it took 199 (including the seats of its allied parties in the frontier states) as against the combined opposition's 39. In popular vote the AFPFL won 53.4 per cent to the opposition's 46.6. Later elections and by-elections raised the total in the AFPFL's favor to 217 AFPFL seats against 33.

In the second general elections in April last year, when voting took place on a single day in all but 17 constituencies, the AFPFL again won easily. By January, 1957, the AFPFL controlled 179 seats and its popular vote had gone up to 55.2 percent though the opposition had gained 28 new seats, for a total of 61. Whatever warning the party leaders read from the opposition gains, it was perfectly clear that the AFPFL would have complete control in the new Parliament as in the old and in the Constituent Assembly before it, and that the direction the government took would continue to be the product of the party's ideology.

Political theorizing, beyond a firm commitment to democracy, has never been much in U Nu's line and from the start it has been U Ba Swe who has attempted to spell out the AFPFL ideology. His fullest statement on the subject appeared in a December 1951 address to the TUBC leaders on "The Burmese Revolution."[9] "Ideology alone," he said then, "is the genesis of revolution." The guide to action in Burma is Marxism—not in a dogmatic sense, nor as a carbon copy of revolutions in other countries but as applied to Burmese conditions and methods and principles. "If we are dubbed as 'opportunists' because we do not follow the Chinese or Russian methods," he said, "if we are labelled as 'deviationists,' because we happen to achieve the Burmese revolution in a Burmese way . . . , we accept the nomenclature with satisfaction." Burmese Marxism, Ba Swe made very clear, is not

[9]Ba Swe, "The Burmese Revolution," *Burma*, Vol. II, No. 4 (July 1952), pp. 1-12.

Communism insofar as it means the acceptance of Soviet direction or leadership.

The open acceptance of Marxism is not, of course, limited to the Socialist Party in Burma or even to the AFPFL. Almost all the political groups in the country, with their own variations, now accept a Marxian Socialist orientation.[10] It is the variations which are important to the AFPFL and the orientation of contemporary Burmese politics. One of the most striking differences in Burma is the heavy emphasis on a religious foundation. Beyond merely tolerating religion, the AFPFL, particularly through U Nu, has encouraged a general religious revival through special legislation for the Buddhist hierarchy, sponsorship of the Sixth World Buddhist Council in Rangoon and friendliness to other religions. There has long been a saying that "to be a Burmese is to be a Buddhist," but Ba Swe has added a new twist by insisting that Marxism and Buddhism "are the same in concept. . . . Marxist theory occupies the lower plane while Buddhist philosophy occupies the higher." He personally, he has said, is a better Buddhist for being a Marxist. Most recently, however, U Ba Swe has emphasized Socialist loyalties and has all but dropped references to Marxist writings from his public statements.

Another "deviationist" ingredient in AFPFL ideology has been the insistence on Western-style democratic principles, which Burma inherited from the British. The AFPFL has always tried to guarantee the opposition fair treatment at the polls and has urged the insurgents to come forward and compete for votes. The AFPFL stands as a surprising combination of Marxian Socialism, Burmese Buddhism and British parliamentary democracy, all handled within the legal framework of a Western-style constitution and a heritage of British law. The independent Rangoon *Nation* wrote editorially on January 10, "we have so deeply imbibed British culture and institutions that we are in fact, if not in theory, spiritually associated."

Perhaps the highest expression of the government's socialist aspirations came with the launching of the *Pyidawtha* movement in 1952. This was fundamentally a co-operative effort between the government and local communities to set up social welfare projects to be carried out by the communities with the help of an original grant from the

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[10]See Fairburn, "Aspects of the Burmese Political Scene," *Pacific Affairs*, September 1956, Vol. XXIX, No. 3.

government. Though it started grandly and did bring some good results, the *Pyidawtha* movement suffered from a lack of experienced leadership and, like so much of the rest of Burma's economic program, had to be cut back from a lack of funds, especially after the decline in the world rice market.

The quest for Burmanization of the economy and the nationalization of major foreign holdings has been modified all along the line in light of the shortages of capital and technically trained personnel. After the early bursts of socialist zeal—nationalizing major British-owned corporations—the government has settled down to the acceptance and encouragement of foreign investment both through partnerships between the Burmese government and Burmese or foreign investors and through private enterprise. In 1955, for example, though the AFPFL then still looked forward to the ultimate nationalization of basic industries, U Raschid, then minister of trade development, in an effort to encourage capital, announced that the government would guarantee foreign investments against nationalization for at least ten years.

Again, in an address to the Burma Chamber of Commerce in 1956, Raschid gave a rather unusual twist to socialist theory. The product of a successful business family himself, Raschid advised Burmese businessmen to follow the example of foreign firms in Burma.

> May I ask you to consider how the foreign businessman has acquired . . . capital? Except for a few, none of the others brought their capital from overseas. Many of the big names in business were built in Burma. They started as hawkers or canvassers or petty shopkeepers. They worked hard. They saved money over the years. They lived carefully. . . . If foreigners in a foreign country could build up capital through their efforts and without government support, there is no reason why Burmese businessmen with the same effort cannot do the same. In fact, this is exactly what many of the good Burmese firms have done.[11]

Clearly Raschid was not concerned by the inclusion of such a capitalistic notion in his speech presenting his Socialist government's commercial policies. He went on to say:

> The AFPFL government, of which I have the honour to be a member, is a people's government, pledged to socialism. While it has its duty to Burmese business, it has a greater duty to protect the interest of, and serve our peasants

[11] *Burma Weekly Bulletin*, New Series, Vol. 4, No. 48 (March 1, 1956), p. 380.

> and workers who are the producers of wealth in the country. I have worked accordingly.[12]

On March 8, 1957, U Kyaw Nyein, deputy prime minister for the national economy, re-enforced the Socialist and AFPFL acceptance of capitalism telling the same audience, the Burma Chamber of Commerce:

> I should repeat once more, Mr. Chairman, that the government welcomes foreign investment. Several policy statements have been issued to this effect. I agree with you that a favorable climate is necessary to attract foreign capital, and in the past, there have been several policy announcements made by the government to promote such a climate. Even now we are considering what other positive measures can be taken in this connection. . . . Some of the foreign firms established in Burma have already invested substantial capital in this country, and I believe, they are making very good progress. It is hoped that other firms will follow the example of these firms and I am sure they will get all the encouragement they need from the government.[13]

And most recently, in June, U Nu announced the government's intention to divest itself of all but the most basic economic projects, selling to private investors.

The AFPFL has been particularly fortunate in its leadership, and it is from the high quality of its top leaders that it has derived its popular support. Control of the party has remained in the hands of a small stable group of men who represent all the ethnic and religious elements of the Burmese community. From this knot of able men at the top of the party, five men stand out in particular prominence: U Nu (50 years old), U Ba Swe (42) U Kyaw Nyein (41), Thakin Tin (55) and Sao Hkun Hkio (45). All of them are surprisingly young and share a common patriotism and loyalty to the AFPFL. Beyond that they are extremely diverse and each represents a special type of leadership. Three of the men, Ba Swe, Kyaw Nyein and Thakin Tin, are active leaders in the Socialist Party and peasant and labor movements. U Nu and Sao Hkun Hkio have no party membership beyond the AFPFL.

"Kogyi" (Elder Brother) Nu represents the moral leadership of the party. He is persuasive, approachable, unambitious, devout and incomparably honest. "Kyagi" (Big Tiger) Ba Swe, who took the labor

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[12] *Ibid.*, p. 384.

[13] *Burma Weekly Bulletin*, New Series, Vol. 5, No. 49 (March 14, 1957), p. 394.

movement and the TUCB from the Communists, is the shrewd and hardheaded organizer. U Kyaw Nyein, who has been a member of every government since 1943, is the theoretician and diplomat of the AFPFL and handles the government's most difficult negotiations. Self-educated, Thakin Tin represents the peasants and agricultural workers of Burma whom he has led since 1941. And Sao Hkun Hkio, late-comer to the AFPFL, is fundamentally the progressive aristocrat. A British-trained hereditary feudal prince, he holds the respect and loyalty of the Shan peoples and the ethnic minorities of the border regions.

To this list of leaders many others could be added—notably, U Raschid, the naturalized Indian Muslim businessman, who is often called the ablest man in the cabinet, and U Tin, conservative Socialist journalist and one-time vice-president of the Burma Chamber of Commerce, who held the difficult post of minister of finance through the period of the insurrections. But it is the five first mentioned who are the core of the Burmese government and command the greatest following.

U Nu is undoubtedly the most effective spokesman for Burma both at home and abroad. He represents a type of leadership almost unique in modern times—and certainly so for Burma. After a succession of power-seeking politicians he came into office reluctantly, preferring retirement and the meditative life to political power. The only time that he voluntarily accepted high office was when he took over the position of danger after Aung San's death—and even then it was only on the understanding that he would be allowed to resign six months after independence. On July 15, 1948, he *did* resign, but was prevailed upon to stay in office to face the immediate problems of insurgency. In Burma Nu's reluctance to hold office is something that is accepted as completely genuine—even with his recent decision to resume the prime ministership last March. His whole approach to public office has developed a new standard of political leadership for Burma and he enjoys an enormous popular following which none of his colleagues can match.

U Ba Swe, Burma's second prime minister, has a very different, if equally dedicated, approach. He has been in the thick of partisan politics from high school days and was directing the resistance movement in Rangoon while U Nu and U Kyaw Nyein served in the wartime puppet government. As one of the founders of the Socialist Party

in 1939, Ba Swe devoted himself after the war to party organizational work. He took over the presidency of the party in 1945 and the presidency of the TUCB in 1950. Though he has been vice-president of the AFPFL and a member of Parliament from the election of the Constituent Assembly, he remained outside the government until the defection of the BWPP made it impossible to spare his services. He has held the post of minister of defense ever since. His tact and diplomacy in handling the delicate negotiations of the recent Sino-Burmese border dispute came as something of a surprise for he has never been considered diplomatic, and his forthright approach in India last November when he called the Russian intervention in Hungary "the most despicable form of colonialism" was more what was expected of him.

U Kyaw Nyein has much the same background. He was active in student politics and strikes, the Socialist Party, the resistance movement and the development of the AFPFL. But his personality and his services have been quite the opposite of Ba Swe's. Kyaw Nyein has always been high in the government from 1943 on (with the exception of the few months when all Socialists resigned in 1949) and he has almost invariably handled the most thankless jobs. He was home minister in charge of law and order through the worst of the insurgency and handled the negotiations of the Japanese reparations agreement as well as almost every other difficult negotiation. When it was recently rumored that he was to be dropped from the government, an AFPFL official told the press: "The opposition leaders realize that U Kyaw Nyein is the brains of the organization. It so happens that we realize it too." As the party brains Kyaw Nyein does not lead any of the workers' or peasants' organizations (which is where Ba Swe and Thakin Tin have their personal following) but serves as secretary general of the AFPFL, general secretary of the Socialist Party and chairman of the Asian Socialist Anti-Colonial Bureau. He is recognized as the government's outstanding specialist in foreign relations and economic problems and is known to be cool, hard-headed and consistent.

Thakin Tin and Sao Hkun Hkio, less well known abroad than the three top leaders, have strong personal followings in Burma. Thakin Tin, socialist, lawyer and expert on peasant problems has been president of the All Burma Peasants Organization since 1941. This gives him a commanding position in the AFPFL for, outside the cities

of Rangoon and Mandalay, the chief strength of the party is now in the rural areas rather than in the cities and towns. Sao Hkun Hkio's hold on the frontier people, especially the Shans, is important for the party and may become even more so in the coming years.

If the AFPFL has superior leadership at the top, its quality falls off rapidly in the districts, where it is sometimes charged that the AFPFL leaders are little better than bandits or local war lords. In both elections opposition victories occurred in a significant number of constituencies where neither "jungle money" nor terroristic insurgent activities could have been a cause. The voters were in obvious —and probably healthy—revolt against the leaders they knew.

U Nu admitted as much immediately after the 1956 elections when he publicly named two "detested" party officials in the Prome district that had cost the AFPFL the election there. He admitted it again a month later when he resigned:

> I visited a district headquarters town under assignment by the Executive Committee of the AFPFL to probe into the affairs of the local AFPFL.
>
> There I was surprised to find a peculiar situation. Town elders were reluctant to see me, reluctant to answer questions and reluctant to join the local branch of the AFPFL. What could be the reason, I wondered. I had to send for a couple of close friends who told me the reason. Then only I knew that the strange behavior of the townsfolk was due to the presence of a few black sheep in the AFPFL who were an eyesore to everybody. My friends suggested the expulsion of these black sheep. When it was done the atmosphere suddenly changed.

The political situation in the town of Pegu, 50 miles outside Rangoon, illustrates both how much the party purge was needed and how difficult it was to accomplish. The mass organizations, the All Burma Peasants Organization (ABPO), the Federation of Trade Organizations (FTO), the Women's Freedom League (BWFL) and the TUCB are all integrated into the AFPFL but have a good deal of autonomous organization of their own and, in addition to their loyalty to the AFPFL, they have a loyalty to their own officers. In Pegu, as elsewhere in Burma, these officers very often overlap, and a purge of the AFPFL automatically involved an attack on the other organizations.

In the 1952 elections the AFPFL made a clean sweep of the eight constituencies around Pegu. In 1956 it was able to carry only four, and it was clear that the opposition power was still growing. The defection of the voters could be traced directly to their dissatisfaction with the

AFPFL leaders. In the first month after U Nu's resignation Pegu became the show place for the party purge. The AFPFL expelled the secretary general of the Pegu district—a man who was president of the ABPO and a leader in the district Socialist Party. It also had several of the other local leaders arrested and held for trial for the misappropriation of government funds and material—men who were active in the Federation of Trade Organizations and other AFPFL-affiliated groups. Such actions, along with the drastic reorganization of the local party, have been essential to regain the confidence of local voters and yet it is equally clear that they threatened the unity of the party. As leaders of the Socialist Party and the TUCB were brought under fire, U Nu was attacking the personal following of the president of both organizations, U Ba Swe. As officials of the All Burma Peasants Organization were dropped, the action hurt Thakin Tin. And yet for its security in control, the AFPFL would have to keep the support of these leaders and their mass organizations.

How much difficulty U Nu had in gaining the support of his associates for the purge is hard to judge. He said at the outset that his colleagues protested his resigning to take on the job. Publicly the party leaders have accepted his decisions and followed out the directions of the party's Central Executive Committee. And, in fact, no major cabinet reshuffling has taken place since the elections. The party reorganization continues with U Nu back in the prime ministership and the partnership with U Ba Swe, U Kyaw Nyein and Thakin Tin appears unchanged. The AFPFL is facing the country with renewed vigor and unity. With a membership estimated at more than one million, according to its count at the beginning of the year, the party announced the start of a major house-to-house membership drive in Rangoon and other districts immediately after U Nu promised to return to office. If the reorganization has gone deep enough to restore local support and if the world, and China in particular, continues to respect Burma's positive program of neutrality, which it has applied over the years with remarkable impartiality, the AFPFL should be able to look forward to another uninterrupted period in office. This time the test of this democratic socialist party with its unusual record of past success will be its ability to carry out its ambitious programs of economic and social reform—to bring about a uniquely Burmese socialist welfare state.

Rembrandt Lecture

By Barriss Mills

The Rembrandt lecturer protests
against the "idiotic preoccupation
of Western art with the nude figure."

Blaming Greek sculpture,
the Italian painters, and
lickerish predilections of patrons.

Like the Chinese and Japanese,
he says, Rembrandt achieved
detachment enabling him
to depict elephants, pigs,
and landscapes with as much
relish as naked women.

And (under the influence
of science, perhaps) to observe
woman's body with the cold
eye for plastic, underlying forms
he turned on fourfooters and trees.

All this is artistically
creditable and to the discredit
of nudes whose perpetrators failed
to penetrate the bedroom aura
to the improbable protuberances,
hollows, knurls, and crevices
the undraped female figure presents.

Yet how can we not cherish
the moments when artists forget
their pictures are controlled smears
of paint on flat canvas
or lines cunningly interwoven

Barriss Mills has published a book of poetry *The Black and White Geometry* (1955), and Erewhon Press will publish a second small volume this year, *Parvenus and Ancestors*. He is on leave from the faculty of Purdue University.

on paper and (relaxing
the cold discipline of eye
and instrument) permit
intrusion of the eternal lie
that has bred so many wars,
religions, poems, and pictures?

And what of this lecturer, who,
for all his fine sarcasm about
"the human form divine" and things
seen on bathing beaches, cannot
speak with the same detachment
of Rembrandt's nudes as of his
landscapes, pigs, and elephants?

Album

By Elizabeth Brett Hamlin

She stood bending in the field
Her white frock awkwardly
Long her thick hat secure

By the hand she held them
Darling belted embroidered
Each her guard alibi

Dark eyes tunneled in white
Face above white flowers
For her cousin's camera

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamlin lives in Plainfield, Vermont where her husband is on the faculty of Goddard College.

Reconnaissance in Manila

By LEONARD CASPER

THE BARBED WIRE which Wallace Stegner saw stretched across the University of the Philippines in 1951, as protection against Huk marauders infiltrating the nearby Balara water reservoirs, has been rolled up at the request of golfers now using the suburban campus as their greens. (The downtown campus, demolished during wartime street fighting, only lately has been remodeled for use by extension classes at night and by the Supreme Court. After 1949, modern sunbreaker buildings were laid out on a stony plateau east of Manila in Quezon City, itself planned as the future capital of the Philippines.) University roadblocks have also been removed, ever since the Magsaysay administration reduced the size of *haciendas* and tenant-farmer complaints; hunted Huk remnants back into the hills; and resettled others among the frontier southern islands in Mindanao where food is plentiful but transportation at a premium.

Gradually Manila ceases to act like an occupied city whose inhabitants fear the violence and corruption they discovered in themselves. In the cleared air, no matter what political reverses occur this fall, the literary renaissance which Stegner saw coming is still perceptible, though not yet at hand. Even more heartening, the reconnaissance-in-force which his visit helped animate is striking out along all roads.

Separation of politics and the fine arts is, of course, commendable when it prevents the reduction of those arts to instruments for falsehood and propaganda. Yet the intuitions of fiction, tempered and shaped by the necessities of dramatic re-enactment, are often able to prompt critically the quest of government for a philosophy; and, conversely, in a healthy political climate all culture has reason to prosper. For the sake of culture, considered as an attribute of the social whole, Manuel Manahan—ex-guerrilla leader, People's Complaints and Action Com-

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LEONARD CASPER taught at the University of the Philippines, 1953-56. An authority in modern Filipino literature, he is also an author of both poetry and short fiction. He is at present Assistant Professor in Creative Writing at Boston College.

mittee troubleshooter for Magsaysay, and customs official of principles who has worked hard to end pilferage in the port cities and acceptance of bribes from smugglers out of Borneo—would seem to be recommended by character and personal history as the best possible replacement for Magsaysay: and it is unfortunate that the Nationalist Party repudiated him for his supposed political immaturity.

Instead, to frustrate the New Liberal overtures of respected financial veteran José Yulo and Senate arbiter Macapagal who have tried to dissociate themselves from the warlords and racketeers of Quirino's previous administration, the Nationalists have endorsed Carlos P. García. Originally selected as Magsaysay's running mate in 1953 because of his unquestioned integrity, García somehow kept his brother as sinecure minister to Somaliland long after the President himself, in an attempt to break the traditional nepotism among Filipinos, had scrupulously refused positions of any kind to his own relatives; and in the current campaign García has resorted desperately to the dispensation of "peso sandwiches." Moreover, certain fundamental differences between himself and Magsaysay were apparent even when, as Vice-President, García held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. His "Asia for the Asians" pronouncement during the formation of SEATO bore such a family resemblance to Japan's old "Co-Prosperity Sphere" and Mao Tse-Tung's new imperialism that it required a number of explanations and retakes.

Nevertheless, even if García hardly measures up to the greatness of his predecessor, as President he might be expected to continue patronage of the fine arts begun by Quezon, with the prewar Commonwealth Awards, and renewed with Magsaysay's Republic Awards. (The only prizes of commensurate prestige and financial advantage are the annual Palanca writing awards, offered by a national rum distillery.) President García has sometimes considered himself a poet, writing in Spanish; he has become notorious for the florid vocabulary of his public addresses (" . . . the cultural conference like this one, called to listen to each other's national heartbeats and heart throbs, this conference convened to penetrate on the wings of music into each other's understanding, this cultural congress gathered to sing into beautiful reality the cultural compenetration of Southeast Asian peoples . . . "); and he supported officially the International Film Festival which writer-alumni from the state university organized in

1956. Even without his foreseeing the consequences, his name and government funds conceivably might be given to writers capable of restoring to the Philippines something of what inevitably was lost with the death of a remarkable leader.

Certain disabling elements of the nonpolitical intellectual climate, however, may remain long after reparations crews have raised the last Japanese hulk from Manila bay, even perhaps after bombed-out Spanish churches in the old walled city cease to be monuments and become warehouses. The call of the white-collar still seduces the writer from his first love, the rural *barrio*. He is sent to the city by the very people to whom his new experiences will be as alien as his adopted tongue—a compulsion as old as Spanish times, when knowledge of the language of the élite was required of a clerk, the highest position to which any "indio" might presume. Hack readers of Sunday newspapers buy the writer's work away from empty-pocketed quality magazines such as the *Diliman Review*, which Republic Award-winning novelist N. V. M. Gonzalez edits at the state university. His stories are read by the literate few whose closest acquaintance with the "liberating arts" came through study-aids in official textbooks from the Bureau of Education, overseer of all private and public schooling. These Pollyanna helps, by reducing serious fiction to illustrations of social commandments, function chiefly as a preservative for that authoritarian family structure on which much of Philippine society is based. Consequently young minds are as likely to be cauterized as stretched and exercised.

> Find instances of: (a) beautiful description of nature, (b) the romanticism of youth, (c) woman's vanity and frivolity, (d) a mother's pride in a daughter's accomplishments, (e) vivid touches of local color.
>
> Cite passages showing: (a) vivid description of country scenes, (b) Vidal's passivity, (c) Fabian's wilfulness, (d) beautiful touches of home life, (e) the author's skill in the use of suggestion.
>
> Which lines—
>
> a. are especially picturesque?
> b. are most significant in meaning?
> c. are soul-stirring and touching?
> d. are most often quoted?

Undoubtedly, graduates from the Philippines' still ineffectual normal schools need guidance as well as do their students. The fact that so few of these aids, prepared by government experts who have lingered

abroad in reputable schools, are usable, therefore, becomes incomprehensible unless one admits that there is a type of illiteracy peculiar to the literate—a fear of subtlety, a need for simplification at the expense of truth, a compulsive desire for childhood's disinvolvement which requires conformity concerning the "application" of a story, long before its recesses have been explored or even reached. One publisher of a national magazine for educators, complaining that modern fiction might soon require "as trained and experienced a readership as authorship," symbolizes the fear which men have of being obliged to confront themselves head-on.

The ardors of free thought are not encouraged in the schools; much less so in the family. Not long ago, nearly 80 per cent of the juvenile delinquents in the metropolitan training center at Welfareville, outside Manila, were discovered to have been committed for "disobedience." The Revised Civil Code indicates the conservative character and source of authority in the Filipino family: "Grandparents should be consulted by all members of the family on important family questions." Moreover, chaperonage is standard even in "westernized" urban areas, in recognition of family influence over marital choice; and a girl reaches the age of legal independence by stages throughout her early twenties. . . . Yet other countries have learned to live with such disabilities.

A far greater handicap is the babel of dialects that separates, as much as the seas do, parts of the archipelago. Over a land area equivalent to that of the United Kingdom plus Ireland, nine major and more than sixty minor dialects are dispersed. Although English is still the language of instruction beyond the elementary grades (largely because of imported textbooks), a nationalized language derived from Tagalog eventually may replace English even in colleges—not because language can be legislated (Spanish, still a required language, is historically alien to the masses), but because for at least a third of the population Tagalog already is the household tongue.

José Rizal, a hero nearly godlike to Filipinos—physician, civil engineer, novelist, martyr in the Revolution of 1896—wrote his firebrand novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*, in Madrid and in Spanish before returning to join those soliciting equality by force and persuasion. For centuries Spanish was the language for those who could read, native dialects for those who could not. After 1900, however,

provincianos from regions whose dialects were mutually unintelligible used English as the common medium for communication. As late as the 1930's, even while Quezon as first President of the Commonwealth had ordered the organization of an institute to study the possibility of developing a national language based on Tagalog, the most widespread dialect, children were still being fined whenever they used a native word or phrase in classroom or schoolyard. The quality of English, however, and some of the constraint to use it diminished with the death of American teachers in the Japanese concentration camp at Santo Tomas university or the subsequent departure from the country of those who survived. Furthermore, the wartime employment of Philippine dialects became a badge of national pride—and of underground conspiracy—during the brittle days of occupation. Japanese policy was contradictory: to win an ally, they had promised José Laurel Sr.'s puppet government complete independence and would normally have fostered a national language; in practice, however, because they did not understand the dialects and, with reason, did not trust the common *tao* (large portions of the archipelago remained unsafe for Japanese garrisons throughout the war; and the landing of American liberation forces at Lingayen Gulf on the main island, in February, 1945, was unopposed), they preferred that the Filipinos speak English, which they could understand.

Since the war, while other new countries have created official native languages whose observance is enforced by law (for several years, a man spoke French in Viet Nam at the risk of his life), the Philippines has continued to use English as the language of instruction, although experiments with local dialects in the earliest grades have increased on the theory that the average elementary student will not be able, financially, to finish more than a few years of schooling. The nativist movement was encouraged by Magsaysay's fluency in several regional dialects, which he demonstrated not only during his campaign-day stumping tours but later when he held cabinet meetings literally in the field or roved the countryside on daily "front-line" excursions into the *barrios*.

In the present state of indecision, a student is expected to learn Tagalog, English and Spanish in school; and perhaps a local dialect at home, if he comes from a non-Tagalog region. Since the assumption that all Filipinos are potential linguists is faulty (not to mention

that sentence order and the whole complex of cultural word-association in Spanish or English bear little resemblance to Tagalog), the law requiring Spanish probably will be revoked within a few years; and the natural modification of spoken English has already started. The possibility of Western literatures being reserved for specializing students would surprise no one who has seen the gradual encroachment of communications skills on "content courses" at the state university. English itself may become the property of only those tradesmen and politicians who find international use for it.

Certainly unread Filipino writers have long been tempted to come to practical terms with their future. Even President of the Philippine Writers Association, N. V. M. Gonzalez, author of two novels and two books of short stories in English, occasionally writes in Tagalog for *Liwayway* magazine where "two hundred thousand readers are waiting for the best we can give them."

Is there danger, then, of those transoceanic bridges being washed out, which were so laboriously laid by Stegner, the foundations, and Smith-Mundt leader-grants? The efforts of many men of good will have been required to counteract the practice of a greater number who, for economic reasons or from lack of experience, have attempted wholesale replacement of Philippine culture by American. Only Filipino generosity, public uncertainty of private convictions, and perhaps a practiced humility have prevented in Manila "American Go Home" demonstrations so common in the rest of Asia. Filipinos, innately proud of their history of struggle against outside oppression, naturally resent Americans who self-gratifyingly speak of having "given" them their independence. They resent too the Bell Trade Act which still seems to treat them as if they were a "sugar republic"; and America's claim that it owns, rather than is leasing, bases there. They resent Vice-President Nixon's inability, during several "goodwill" tours, to explain why since the end of the war the United States has given $2.6 billions in foreign aid to Japan, its former enemy, and only $848 millions to the Philippines, many of whose streets are still smashed. Yet the repeated offensiveness of personnel from our bases as well as patronizing attitudes from levels of higher policy have brought surprisingly few recruits to the cause of Claro Recto, Senator famous for his anti-Americanism and for his quondam willingness to recognize Red China but not South Viet Nam. The Filipinos have

complained of being taken for granted—but without bitterness. Although theirs is a society in transition, it has been so for a long time; and they are experienced in the contest between change and stability. However, it would be unwise not to wonder if they will always be so patient. Can they be trusted to make more concessions than they receive, and still persist indefinitely, unchanged, doing the expected: buying American clothes and appliances, renting American movies, speaking America's idioms, and writing for American markets that will not publish one-fiftieth of their best?

Strangely enough, it has been the rare American visitor with discernment of the value in individual differences who has long advised Filipinos to be true to themselves (though their identity is by no means a simple matter); and, commonly, the Filipino (trained for oversimplification and polite hypocrisy less by any colonial mentality than by restraints inherent in an "army channels" system of family control) who has chosen to conform to borrowed formulas. The deformed image of themselves—as day-long cockfighters and *tuba*-drinkers, pre-humans with syrup in their veins—exported to the United States in Bulosan's *The Laughter of My Father* and Javellana's *Without Seeing the Dawn*, is indistinguishable from the most romantic "primitives" of Saroyan or Steinbeck.

But the image borne by the traditionally artificial elegance and Victorian sensibility of much writing in the dialects is equally unreal. The problem of creating a national literature is more than linguistic. Insight is required. And how can profundity exist without honesty, and patience?

So a third group of writers has appeared, preferring English to the baroque expressions of their other heritage but not abusing the language either, not debasing it for foreign markets. The bluntness of Anglo-Saxon has taught them that language can respect experience; the dedicated disciplines of the best Western writers have restored their faith in the value of a man's integrity, and a work of art's. These would be invaluable possessions to take along, should such Filipino writers move over to Tagalog. So too would the sense of invention and self-reliance they have necessarily acquired in adjusting foreign literary forms to their individual purposes. Supernationalists notwithstanding, literature cannot be legislated. It can only be made by such men as these; and even their choice of language—Tagalog, Sugbuanon, Iloko

or English—may be more decisive than any academician's or Congressman's: just as *The Divine Comedy* nourished Italian in an age of Latin. They will be read by Americans in translation, if necessary.

Whatever medium finally emerges for a readable national literature, the Philippines can hardly afford to forget its accomplishments in English which, as the season of imitation now declines, are indisputably worthy of remark.

The luminous cosmological adventuring of expatriate José García Villa's poetry (*Have Come, Am Here*: 1943; *Volume Two*: 1949) has never quite been duplicated, even by himself. Imitators usually slight his theme—the daily wrestling of God and man for man's soul, and even for God's soul; child rejecting parent and wanting to be his own ancestor, progenitor of his own father—and concentrate on the special effects of his "comma poems," only to discover that these regiment rather than liberate, by assigning equal weight to every word. Even so, such failures are often more interesting than that earlier tradition exemplified by Zulueta da Costa's *Like the Molave* (1941) which waxed chauvinistic but not quite Whitmanian, freighted with ponderous rhetoric and exhausting catalogs of untransfigured objects.

Ricaredo Demetillo's *No Certain Weather* (1956) wears Villa's soul-cracking conceit but with an unruffled air, cocksure that imminent destruction threatens all but the spectator-poet who, being different, is invulnerable. The complacency of his poetic line contrasts with the feeling of human expenditure and spiritual rescue expressed in Bienvenido Santos' *The Wounded Stag* (1956) which announced that beauty, uncloistered and experienced and nevertheless unviolated, dying intact, does not die. These two poets typify annual attempts to advance to Villa's point of farthest navigation and beyond. It is very possible that Alex Hufana, a younger poet whose energetic experiments with symbolism have already given him personal admission into his objects, may succeed. He is co-editor of *Signatures*, the Philippines' first poetry magazine, founded in 1955 by Clemente Cancio, poet and neurosurgeon.

The progress of Philippine prose, though not uniform, has been more memorable than that of poetry. Although the Kempeitai executed Manuel Arguilla in mid-war for his part in the resistance, his book of short stories *How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife* (1940) still impresses the reader with its complex illusion of simplicity. Despite

an occasional bar-bell idyll, the realism of his *barrio* stories restrains his romantic devotion to natural man. Arguilla's stories of oppressed city labor or of the farm Sakdals reconstruct conditions that made the socialist movement and later the Hukbalahaps possible. Yet they avoid becoming propaganda by holding fast to the individual, the variation within the scheme.

The same "objective intimacy" has been achieved in N. V. M. Gonzalez' book of short stories, *Children of the Ash-Covered Loam* (1954); the same inward bleeding, not flushing away of emotions, managed through the exercise of point of view. Arguilla's most sensitive narrators are children, half-knowing yet all-caring, or still-innocent young men; Gonzales' are children and women, who grow to realize that love does not prevent suffering—it only seals off complaint. Both writers clearly comprehend that unmentioned narrative matters are not necessarily untold; and that unspoken, unspeakable words often are the most moving.

Similar understatement in Bienvenido Santos' *You Lovely People* (1955) is used to describe this time not *barrio* folk, but those "hurt men" exiled in the States by the Pacific war. (Santos was one of them; he lectured about his people throughout America, for the OWI.) Their quiet desperation finds its finest symbol in Ambo the gambler—the trembling hands of need which idealizes memory, the poker-face of honest acceptance of the pained present. With their American wives, confined in run-down neighborhoods as if in crypts, they construct an elaborate Filipino dream which is only shattered when they return to postwar, mutilated Manila; and a migration in reverse begins, from that horizon which was a mirage.

Such scrupulous characterization unfortunately is missing from the Philippines' three major guerrilla-warfare novels. In Stevan Javellana's *Without Seeing the Dawn* (1947) a substitute is sought in melodramatic incident: such as the hero's assisting his wife in childbirth, intending to murder that child, result of Japanese rape; or his "moral cleansing" when it is stillborn! By making Carding a bull *carabao* whose marriage with Lucing is only a pact of mutual lust, Javellana unwittingly has centered his disaster not on Japanese brutality but on the unbridled flesh and temper of his own countryman. Encounters with the invader become opportunities for Carding's ultimate victory over his instincts: but such was not Javellana's pious intention.

Juan Laya's *This Barangay* (1950) goes astray for reasons of its own: as a division superintendent of schools the author became confused by community school ideals (the episodic diary form of the novel resembles his *Little Democracies of Bataan* report, published in 1951, just before his death). A gathering of guerrillas in the northern hills rediscover the tribal virtues of ancient *barangay* society. Unfortunately, as civic spirit emerges, the young *barangay*-builder loses human contact with, one by one, his sister, his father and his wife. The novel is unaware of this ironic development, this "democratic" subordination of self and family to society. Similarly Edilberto Tiempo's work as USAFFE historian during the war tempted him to be satisfied with facts, rather than with the wholeness of fiction's truth. Consequently, *Watch in the Night* (1953) never fully explores the motives of Cortes, Protestant guerrilla chaplain who kills four of his province mates for advising surrender; who, then, morally sick, refuses to continue his role as national hero until, preaching the funeral of another minister who once told him that man's duty is to make good out of evil, he becomes militant again. His first act of violence is impulsive; his renewal of violence, after accepting the philosophy of solidarity, is simply an evasion of personal guilt. Instead of searching the inner agony of Cortes, Tiempo has spun out scene after scene of public speech and lengthy sermon, leaving history unbelievable.

The contest between man's religious and secular natures, the turmoil of past and present coming to terms, are most eloquently expressed in Nick Joaquin's *Prose and Poems* (1952). Often in trying to re-enact the socio-religious ethic of Spanish times, Joaquin merely measures the weight of a dead culture; cannot distinguish superstition from mystical union, Salome from the Baptist: his characteristically old men seek physical regeneration, nothing more. However, occasionally he seems repelled by his own fascination with the world of the flesh, as in his novelette, *The Woman Who Had Two Navels* (published in *Partisan Review*). And his *Portrait of the Artist as Filipino*, staged in the relic ruins of the Intramuros, has convinced his audiences of the ever-presence of human consideration as a value. A picture, invisibly hung on the "fourth wall," painted by a father who never appears on stage and portraying Aeneas bearing from Troy an Anchises whose face is his own, centralizes the salvage of things past, the recovery of lost respect, when a spinster daughter destroys that valuable

painting rather than sell it to the man who has seduced her. Philippine theater has seldom known such excitement. People are now waiting for the novel on which Joaquin, for the past three years, has been working in Spain and the Americas.

The same climate of timeliness, without clock or calendar, exist in N. V. M. Gonzalez' *A Season of Grace* (1956), a cycle of growth and the earning of dignity from one human harvest to another, among scattered pioneers clearing the rainforest to make rice fields. These men and women are not the happy savages of Rousseau's sanitary jungles. Their rice is wasted by hordes of rats, by usurers and petty municipal *politicos*. Yet this is not a proletarian novel, either; little bitterness is spent on such squanderers. Instead it is a commemoration of daily rituals which help a gentle people endure; it understands.

The uncompromising image of the Filipino erected by Santos, Joaquin and Gonzalez still has no counterpart in dialect literature; and may not have, unless such men, who since the end of the great war-silence have found the craft and courage to reconnoiter their mutable world, depart from English. Who else will throw a calculating eye at "Japanese time," its collaborators and those who fattened on war surplus; squatters' rights in the slums; the transplanting of Huks to southern frontiers; the constabulary action against Moro rebels; the exploitation of "dummies" by Chinese business men; the daily walk with death under the city sun?

Not long ago a Filipino urged that his countrymen write their own history, but admitted that many of the necessary documents were abroad and, although they were being offered to his government, the Manila archives were sometimes awash in flood time and hardly the place for them. Yet present history lies around the writer; he will be its record. There will be a renaissance, perhaps in many tongues, as Stegner thought; or in several; or in just one. But it will come, because Filipinos understand that only with the advent of truth, such as fiction brings, does a person or a people divest itself of inconsequence.

University Life in Japan

By RICHARD C. BEDFORD

SOON AFTER ARRIVING on the campus of a Japanese university the American guest professor learns that the peculiar life around him is merely part of something which is coolly labeled "the American system of education." The professor may be pardoned some feeling of semantic confusion—for the students wear uniforms, attendance on the part of both students and faculty is seemingly optional, classes are not only conducted largely through lectures but discussion is discouraged, there are usually only semi-annual examinations and little or no other means to evaluate progress, student guidance or counseling is virtually unheard of, and the vaguely annoyed faculty have a minimum of contact with students. His confusion, furthermore, turns to dismay upon discovery that the vast plant, so facetiously labeled, comprising some five hundred "universities" and annually pouring more than fifty thousand graduates into the already swollen labor pool, is under fire from all sides.

Although it may be difficult even on close examination to find much familiarly American about the current system, the observer becomes uneasily aware that the educational system is the focus of considerable disillusionment with "democracy" and with America generally. Much of the unfavorable reaction stems from what is essentially an inadequate comprehension of the democratic process underlying the innovations introduced by American occupation authorities. Few Japanese seem aware that democracy is grounded in active and responsible participation and that simply handing over the reins promises disaster. This seems to hold true wherever Japanese society has confronted democratic theory and tried to put it into practice. Thus,

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although it might have been ill-considered and naïve to have tried to impose the basic principles of a democratically organized system of education on the Japanese, the naïveté of the imposers certainly was equaled by that of those who have operated the system now standing as a perversion and mockery, in several respects, of those principles. It becomes too apparent that the glib if transparent slogans echoing through the halls are all that many Japanese educators have learned. It appears that *demakase,* a Japanese word meaning loose talk, has lent itself rather well to numerous parodies.

Least likely to defend the system are the students. Although fully three-fourths of them would have had no opportunity to enter the university system as it was prior to the war, many entertain the opinion that the current system is an ill-considered foreign import unsuited to Japanese conditions. A sizable number quite bluntly state a decided preference for a return to the prewar system. Most of them really have no idea of how undemocratically the prewar system operated and they are ready victims of restorationist propaganda about the "good old days." However, the system is also part of the way of life under attack by the essentially confused "leftists" also. And the newcomer will be amazed at how susceptible most Japanese university students are to such propaganda. Not all students there are inclined radically nor are the majority interested in politics. Yet the leftists have been able to put the anti-foreign sentiment and some anti-Americanism (of even the ordinarily conservative) to good use. Few seem aware that the Communist position is itself a foreign import.

The system was modelled largely after the German one, with a great concentration upon specialized study. Much of that has changed in the postwar period, under the influence of the American educational philosophy of social adjustment and emphasis on social science. It is understandable, however, that the introduction of the social sciences seems to have served largely to encourage Marxist interest, since this new body of knowledge seems as yet to be only vaguely understood by the teachers themselves. Marxism has, with suspicious magic, appeared as the sole synthesizer of the "electives" and it furnishes many students with an illusion of stability as they venture through the confusing jungle of ill-taught and badly digested "liberal arts." Because of their ignorance of history and the social sciences, only a few students can evaluate Marxism and fewer can refute it. Moreover, the observer will

soon recognize that the peculiarly antiquated form of Marxism upheld is merely further evidence of the flight into the nineteenth century. (One student characterized it for me as an unconscious attempt to relive the glories of the Meiji era.) It appears that this flight, symbolized perhaps in another way, by the overwhelming knowledge of the writing of Edgar Allen Poe to the virtual exclusion of almost all other American writers since, has been abetted by American publishers—those jealous guardians of copyrights, reprint privilege, and profits. American teachers in Japan are frequently disconcerted to find that American works are often cheaper and more readily available in British editions.

But this turning backward is understandable, for the immediate past is, of course, ugly for the Japanese students to accept and they can have little faith in a future which seems compounded of the atomic, which has brought them physical hurt, and automation, which promises tightening of the labor market and personal disaster. They despair at their suspicion that out of Japan's past might and glory has come only the possibility of Japan as staging area for an American-Soviet military conflict.

Yet, due in some measure to effective occupation indoctrination and also to a realization that New Japan must be different from the Old, most university students can discover no inspiration in the older Japanese culture of the more remote past. And although the foreigner is urged to see the *kabuki,* the *noh,* and the *bunraku,* a casual chat discloses that these "feudalistic things" are not much patronized by young people. The students quite obviously prefer to listen, for the most part quite indiscriminately, to mambo and Tschaikovsky. The word *bunka* (culture) is not only elastic but most students find nothing ironic about the fact that efforts to absorb culture often are attended by minor rioting and violence. Like all myths, the one about the Japanese natural aesthetic sense is evidently in need of modification, for once students desert the rather narrow tradition, they are uncertain in their aesthetic judgments. The ancient *samisen* (three stringed banjo) is known largely only by the frequenters of bars; and my students greeted my suggestion that they learn the *koto* (harp) or even the *biwa* (lute), rather than the foreign and fabulously expensive western instruments, with polite—if scornful—amusement. In short, the Japanese student frequently has little idea of the value of his own cultural

background and, despite his surface nationalism, is inclined to run after French art. He knows nothing of Japanese influence in architecture—even while foreign architects are coming to Japan for inspiration. Unsatisfactory, perilous, and unpromising as it is, most Japanese students live only in the present. Fairly representative, as well as containing considerable truth, was the comment of my senior student who told me, bitterly, "Now there is no Japanese culture—it's only a collection of foreign imports."

Most university students are well aware that in regard to intellectual and academic background, the import with which they believe themselves most familiar, there is quite a range in matters of quality of education in Japan today, despite the nationalized system of education. The centralized dictation of educational policy has returned since last year when locally elected boards of education were replaced by appointed officials. The center of politics, as well as of publishing—and *bunka*—is, of course, the capital. And it is difficult to see why some Japanese find it paradoxical that as centralization increases, the national standard seems to become more skewed in favor of Tokyo schools. The differential prestige attached to a few schools and a few geographical areas markedly influences the level of preparation for the ordeal of university entrance examinations.

The matter of prestige also extends into the university system. Tokyo is the Mecca, and the *Todai* (Tokyo University) graduates are envied and venerated. There are only some seventy major national universities out of the five hundred "universities" referred to earlier (as compared to a half dozen in the prewar period) and a limited number of private universities of standing. Such universities as Tokyo and Kyoto have fine plants, excellent libraries and some good laboratories. But many of the national *semmon gakko*, a kind of junior college, and even *koto gakko* (high schools) were elevated, nominally, to university status after the war. Consequently, many of the newly labeled "universities" are scornfully referred to as *bento gakko* (lunch box schools) since there is extreme variation in quality and many seem to function solely as places to lunch.

The hierarchy of university prestige extends downward from the Tokyo Olympus, however, and entrance examinations are conveniently staggered. Those failing to enter preferred schools may console themselves with a secondary choice. There is faith unequalled anywhere in

the efficacy of entrance exams alone to cull out the unfit, and once over that barrier the students stays, even without doing much work. Although students seem oddly, if literally, terrified of the final examinations each year, it seems obvious that once safely matriculated, the student may well find the four years merely a test of mutual stamina. Flunking out is extremely rare, and rather devious practices of grading, somewhat evasive course labeling, and a quite slippery and elusive set of credit requirements seem to protect many of the unendowed and the uninterested. Paternalism, left over from the days when the family system was stronger, creates a marked protective and restrictive atmosphere in the schools; entering a university, like getting a job, seems remarkably like a process of adoption. Strong group unity makes for a heavy emphasis on love of alma mater. Class reunions are popular.

Thus, via the system of entrance examinations, a few institutions skim off the students of exceptional ability and motivation to form high quality student bodies. These few students can get a superior if rather specialized education. On the other hand, the diligent student who has been accepted by a school of second choice encounters several frustrations. As many institutions are universities only nominally and lack a full complement of departments, he frequently finds himself required to study something in which he has no real interest or which has no modern relevance. There are peculiarities in organization—having to do, for example, with justification of budget allocations—which allow for the continued existence of departments having virtually no students. This not uncommon sort of administrative irresponsibility often blocks the expansion of more popular or relevant departments. Such irresponsibility may be due, at least to some extent in national universities, to the separation from control centered in Tokyo. Moreover, traditional and perhaps Confucian bias, as well as lack of counseling, leads seventy per cent of the students to study in nebulous areas (like that labeled "literature and law") while only thirty per cent enter the sciences: this in an industrial nation poor in natural resources and requiring the greatest mechanical ingenuity and most intensive application of science for survival.

As for their approach to studies, the nineteenth-century preoccupation with cosmic theory and windy generality leads many Japanese students to develop a dilettante's interest in the broad and distant and

to have little concern with matters practical and near. Understandably, therefore, there was no student protest against several boat disasters in 1955, although the negligence involved cost many student lives. There was a similar lack of student support for antiprostitution measures stalled in the Diet by legislators who contended that Japan could not hope to afford to rehabilitate its half million prostitutes (this at the same time the Diet was cynically promoting a New Life Movement to rehabilitate the total population of close to ninety million people). Closer home, though all but ignored by student idealism, was the threat on the part of the Education Ministry to abolish coeducation, since its inception a constant topic of vague discussion and cloudy student debate. On the other hand, the lure of the distant and vaguely understood rather than the near at hand and concrete aroused my students emotionally to espouse the cause of the Okinawans and to paint glowing and impossible pictures of trade with Red China. I found few students unprepared to fill in the vacuum of factual ignorance about each of these last two highly complex matters with the hazy and anachronistic cosmology of Karl Marx.

But I suspect that this interest in the vast and windy may be only a natural reaction to the system, for the amount of "fact" which must be disgorged by students at the semi-annual examinations would please the most severe Gradgrind. While lecturing professors ramble on in pursuit of their own personal interests and often without reference to the alleged course content, the students are expected to learn by rote vast quantities of unrelated material apparently gleaned in large part from the "examination tendency" sheets which, oddly enough, are hawked at the gates of one school by students from another school. There is little encouragement of student thinking capacity, of developing analytical ability and the power of discrimination, and little effort is expended in fostering the formation of a philosophy.

The schools too often furnish the students with *the* answer instead of exposing them to the questions. Moreover, I recall that once when I requested a definition of "feudalism"—a term widely used to describe almost anything which existed in prewar Japan—I learned that although most of my students agree that feudalism has three characteristics, since they had learned that for an examination, none of them could list those characteristics. In most cases when university students are pressed for information, even within two weeks after they have

run the gauntlet of examinations, they understandably do not recall much of what they have "learned." Examinations for employment—a common feature in the hiring process of almost all companies in Japan—frequently contain such "fact questions" as "Name the four greatest tragedies." Aside from the matter of how such a question could possibly weed out those not suited to be bank clerks, the absence of provision for explanation or defense of choice somehow seemed another tragedy greater than any quartet that the students might name.

In general, then, original thought, individual speculation, and practical imagination are not encouraged. I found students startled and confused when they were asked the question "Why?" This seemed to them highly unusual and even unfair. I was not very surprised to find, then, in my discussions with several troubled members of university science faculties, that although Japanese science students seem unexcelled in experimental technique, they too often confine their efforts largely to repeating classical experiments. It also appears that there is little sense of intellectual community among faculty members themselves. They typically pursue their research unaware of others' accomplishments, and in something like jealous isolation.

But much of the problem of lack of practical awareness seems to stem from the fact that while the entire university population is drawn from society at large, each student on joining the academic group separates himself from society. The caste system which sets off the students from the general population seems to accentuate the painful social immaturity of the students. Coming from a people whose every move is geared to the struggle for existence, they are usually amazingly worldly wise in the matter of life processes. Yet this worldly knowledge is not always so apparent as the obvious lack of social sophistication. Thus the foreign teacher will sometimes be misled, and forgetting that he is dealing with university students, he will be brought up rather sharply to a realization of the grim struggle for survival many of his students are waging. Young students drowsing in class and sleeping in the streetcars, at first startling, is a common sight and seems to bespeak a general low level of energy. The foreigner, observing students eating in university dining halls—where a bowl filled mostly with hot water but containing some noodles, called *oodon,* is often the sole food—may readily conclude that the diet seems to rob the students of energy. He may also decide that the failure of their culture to elimi-

nate the traditional habit, more suited to the physically taxing life of a farmer, of eating large quantities of soggy rice, also may account for the lack of energy. But the high tuberculosis incidence among students seems to add confirmation to the suspicion that many of them just do not have enough of anything to eat.

The foreign teacher must constantly be wary of appearances, however, and nowhere is that more certain than in the matter of "arbeit"—the part-time work engaged in by a majority of Japanese university students. Since the function of the university is still conceived of, to some extent, in the prewar terms of training for gentlemen, the necessity of working part-time is resented by most students. Close examination of the nature of arbeit, which they may quite readily lead you to believe is nothing short of arduous, reveals, however, that for the most part it consists of tutoring. And although it seems likely that Japanese university students as a group have more teaching experience than any other group of university students anywhere, the average arbeiting tutor seems to work only six hours or so a week. In any event, the foreign teacher will be appalled at the ironic fact that the woeful inadequacy of the junior high school and high school systems seems required to provide customers for the tutoring services of the university students who without this arbeit would starve.

But it is perhaps in the matter of coeducation that the irony of the waste necessary for survival in Japan becomes even more glaring. Since the encroachment of democracy, following the Constitution of 1947, women have been permitted to enter universities and a growing number have argued and wheedled their resistant parents into allowing them to take advantage of this opportunity. Coeducation had been instituted, of course, largely because it was felt that in any true democracy the role of women was equal in worth to that of men and that the sexes were to share equally in the responsibilities of social living. But while less than ten per cent of the typical university student body consists of young women—and they have clearly been sifted rather thoroughly in the highly competitive examination process—it is unlikely that much if any of their developed ability will soon be utilized. None of the women graduates of my acquaintance ever was given a job in which she would have a chance to use her education. Although the young women frequently match and perhaps excel the men in ability, they are not allowed to take the same employment examinations in

most major companies and, in fact, no matter what the understanding at hiring time, they usually end up emptying ashtrays, serving tea and functioning as messengers—frequently for their male former classmates of less ability. Furthermore, my discussions with many women university graduates leads me to believe that at the present time an increasing number of university educated women are unwilling to undertake the role of household drudge still conceived of as the fitting status for their wives by a majority of Japanese young men. Given the housekeeping arrangements prevalent in Japan and the fact that a married woman's social status depends to a large extent on her acceptance of motherhood—to an extent, in fact, which makes a mockery of the desperately necessary attempt to spread birth control knowledge—it is obvious that a woman graduate must almost inevitably give up all intellectual interests upon marriage. Thus, not only does it seem likely that many of the best educated women will forego marriage but that many who have yielded to the terrible pressure to marry may transfer their frustration and resentment to a new generation. In any event, it is clear that there is a tremendous waste of time and effort spent on coeducation in a society still traditionally bound to deny co-opportunity.

In still another way Japanese university life reflects the operation of a wasteful caste system, for although the foreign teacher may arrive in Japan with the best of intentions, the most unbiased curiosity, and sold on the idea of exchange, he soon finds that the term "exchange" is rarely understood. He will probably have no part in faculty discussion and formulation of policy and he will receive only routinely polite notice from a rather small number of colleagues. The language difference is not the major barrier, in most cases. He will be stunned to discover that frequently, even when his opinion is solicited, any thoughtful or constructive remarks he may offer will give offense. There is a marked tendency toward a kind of ceremonialism in which a stock series of questions is asked and a stock series of answers is expected; Japanese conservative formalism—very marked among the academics—will countenance no deviation from the anticipated. The same sort of thing seems characteristic of student reaction, and any comments made in class about Japan or things Japanese may be construed as unfriendly criticism. Actually, of course, expressions of individual opinion even by natives are rather rare, and although there

is some individual protest, rebellion among Japanese is seemingly not common either. Apparently the individual Japanese, living in a group-oriented society, tends to assume, because of his extremely close identification with the group, that when anything pertaining to the group is questioned, a personal insult is intended. The rare individual rebel, in tearing himself free from the protective and restrictive group, therefore, usually tends to be desperately hysterical and reckless rather than reasonable and calculating.

Yet among the more thoughtful university students there is some evidence of a smoldering resentment and protest against society. Too often, of course, the outlet is found in savage and irresponsible behavior. During the past two years, this has found expression in the nihilistic "philosophy" of the young novelist, Ishihara Shintaro. His stories of adolescent violence and sexual escapades among young people have had a tremendous vogue among university and high school students, and they have been made into heavily patronized movies. His followers, labeled *taiyo zoku* (sun tribe) after the title of one of Ishihara's stories, affect the "different" haircut and dress which Americans have come to associate with zoot-suiters and the rock-and-rollers.

It seems likely that in Japan this movement may be evidence of a kind of burgeoning new middle class which as yet has not formulated rules of conduct. It may be a protest against the inadequacy of a conservative, old-fashioned society and a demand for the recognition of youth and the greater opportunity promised in the immediate postwar period. In any case, the passive, docile, and accepting attitude, instilled in young people through traditional social controls and the peculiarities of Japanese university life in particular, may be giving way.

Inevitably the immature and irresponsible destructive negativism of the *taiyo zoku* aroused demands for suppression. And the challenged ultra-conservative members of society, who have long contended that coeducation is a breeder of immorality, were more than willing to attack the new institution. Unreconstructed diehard conservatives, who have acquired a remarkably variegated protective coloration, recognize that Japanese youth is the future of Japan. And because of this recognition a great deal of sometimes sinister solicitude is being shown for the problems of higher education. Against any drive to suppress youthful rebellion, one puts the fact that Japanese students are sometimes being recruited to serve ends not always in their or their

people's best interest. Too often, it seems to me, the student is the tool of rabble-rousers who find numbers of students readily available for agitation and mob activity. Moreover, the vicious combination of personal economic pressure and ignorance of economics has made a cynical mockery of democratic participation. It is common, therefore, for students to look to political campaigns mainly as a source of part-time work, as speech makers riding in the back of slogan-decorated, P. A. system-equipped trucks or on the ubiquitous *batta-batta* (three wheeled motorcycle trucks). And the opportunism which drives such students, pressed to earn a livelihood, is clearly inadequate protection against the deeper inroads of cynicism—always a matter of concern to men of good will everywhere.

As I left Japan, after two years, I felt that ironically, perhaps, the best evidence of the good which exists among all the evils of the university educational system, which has emerged from the chaos and ordeal of total reorganization, lies in the growing willingness to criticize the system itself. Most Japanese seemed not only aware of the as yet uncrystallized state of education in their country but they were also quite free in their comments and criticisms. The instability itself seems to have encouraged a great deal of student and teacher interest in continued experimentation of whatever sort. The vast increase in numbers of graduates turned out under the new system has caused an attitude of constructive unrest and dissatisfaction to permeate a greater part of Japanese society. The great numbers of former students who are now rising in the business world of postwar, trade-hungry Japan are becoming sharply aware of the need for an even more practical education grounded solidly on social consciousness. Even the wasteful old-school-tieism in hiring policy is only part of the general influence of alumni, peculiar to Japan, which is gradually forcing educators to pay greater attention to the world at large and its needs. Thus there is good reason for hope that the university system of education will help eliminate much of the rigidity and the manifold isolationism which have brought so much tragedy to Japan.

Quests

By Willis Eberman

How happily I recall the quests of my youth,
when, by myself I would walk the twigged paths
by the river, thinking of how the Indians
would go, uncrackling the quiet; or high
in the tree, my young singing sung to the leaves
and the branches. Quest to the hills, making
camp,
living on meagre supplies and wild berries;
and nights lying on pine boughs, drinking the stars,
those large drops, hanging from branches.

Recalling the far, happy times: the poems sung
through meadows, through fields; the lone, running
boy; the lost summers . . . And five-mile lake frozen,
the bonfires, the girl that I teased.

Evoking the night we few boys smoked our first
cigarettes, and lay down on the grass, the stars
whirling.—
The sound of our skates going home, going home
the concrete-heard way in the darkness. "Seeya, Chet.
'night, Lynn."

The clamped skates unscrewed, put away; the key
lost in time . . .
The quiet mounting of stairs to the loft-room,
and lying in darkness; the anguish of unreturned
loves quite forgotten in school-bright tomorrows.

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A STORY

Mask of Snow

By CURT HARNACK

EARLY IN NOVEMBER of 1936, after a rise of wind from the northwest, the first flakes of the season scudded across the feathered clouds and settled in Henry Ketter's unpicked corn. He was in the kitchen with Vida and the two boys when it started, and at first Henry could not believe his ten-year-old son, Paul, when he shouted: "It's snowing!"

Vida parted the red-checked curtains and saw the snow. Smiling with incredulity, she shook her head over this bad luck, for the corn had been left in the fields this late only because Henry hoped to share a neighbor's cornpicker. It was the first year he had not picked his fields himself, by hand with a team and wagon. This grim turn of fortune, Vida felt, was only typical of their last six years, and a white laugh in their faces for their last months of stay on the farm. She wished longingly that they could pack up and leave today. The unpredictable rural life never suited her city-bred temperament, although she had tried her best to make a go of it, for Henry's sake. Vida had grown up in Kaleburg, among townspeople who saw each other daily and didn't become queer from being alone too much. She had listened to Henry's prophecies that in the future farm life would be quite different from the old-time drudgery, but the fact was, Vida had sharply noticed the stooped, earthen look of country women, who seemed to bend closer to the soil that made constant demands of them—and finally took them entirely.

"Let it snow!" shouted Henry, his elbows on the window frame. "Snow, snow! Who cares?" He laughed and turned around, hoping that he had covered his true alarm. He had adopted great casualness about everything, once Vida's deep eagerness to leave the farm had

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developed. Henry, the only son, had inherited this farm mortgage-free, but in the last year he had slipped off the deep end buying cattle, and he would not rise again. It was easier not to brood about the loss of the farm, and consequently he tried to ally himself with Vida's hopeful feeling concerning the future. Henry was not dour by nature, nor would he allow his betrayed ancestors to rise from their graves in his imagination. Other things were important, too: his family, their happiness; he had to provide as best he could. He was strong, over six feet tall, blond and with the fair complexion of north German stock. Everyone responded to his likeable personality, and Henry fully expected to get along well in the city, where it would be comforting to have a weekly paycheck. Sometimes, warming to Vida's enthusiastic dreams of urban life, he almost looked forward with pleasure to their move, March first.

The first snow fell four inches deep, and little of it melted before another two inches descended from low, wool-colored clouds. Throughout November Henry tried unsuccessfully to pick the corn that lay golden and incongruous in the snow. The brown soiled stocks, long outworn, sagged under the delay. Since the cornpicker could not maneuver the clogged fields, Henry made little forays into the corn rows with his wagon and horses. By December he managed to pick, with fingers numb from the harsh wind, nearly half the crop. But a brief warm spell did not materialize into a stay of grace. New snow came to replace the hard, flattened snowbanks, and Henry reconciled himself to the thought that part of his crop might not be reaped at all.

Throughout December, intermittently, the snow kept falling, filling the atmosphere with a smother of flakes, driven on blizzard days to a fine white sand that crept under doorsills and between the windows. No tracks, no animal traces, no human footprints resisted the great obliteration of the snow. Even sturdy black-green firs were staggered and subdued; the snow was a mask clinging to the face of the world.

One day after chores Henry tramped into the house, his face tingling from the cold and his spirits very high. "There's not been a winter like this!" he said to Vida, smiling excitedly. "Nothing even Grandad went through was like this." To parry the season, to accept the splendid challenge—this excited his manhood. Henry heard with loathing of two farmers who had committed suicide—caught, as

Henry, by the bad prices and poor crops. One had turned a shotgun against his head while he stood in the cowbarn facing his mortgaged fields, and so he let his wife and children pick up the legacy of the bankrupt. The other had driven his car into the garage and with the door closed, sat with his foot on the gas peddle to take him to damnation. No wonder the Catholic church tossed those souls to outer darkness! A man had to recognize the difference between a challenge and a judgment and thus gauge the import of a storm.

The whole family kept alert ears, listening for the distant anger of the snowplow opening the roads, and finally, the weekend before Christmas, the orange county plow furrowed the drifts. Upon driving to Kaleburg, Henry and Vida began gift-buying, while the two boys attended the Christmas pageant rehearsal at the church. Winter had been upon the land six weeks now, and usually mute farmers were excitedly greeting each other with tales of the weather. Old men at the card tables in taverns told of thick fur on rabbits and foxes, which indicated a long, severe winter. "Wait'll we get to January!" They shook their heads wisely.

The heavy sky was slate, the color of junco birds, but the storm held off. On Christmas Eve the Ketters arrived at church early and obtained good seats. Floyd, the younger boy, in his year-old Sears Roebuck coat and tie, displayed himself prominently, for he was the only pupil sure of all the words of "Tannenbaum," which the intermediate Sunday School class sang with faces uplifted to the tree. Since Paul was very large for his age, when his turn came he spoke loudly, soberly, embarrassed lest the congregation have the slightest anxiety over his recitation. There was no fidgeting or giggling from either of them. The Ketter children could be counted on, if not for amusement, at least for flawless behavior.

After the droning hymns, with the congregation half hypnotized by staring at the glowing tree in the warm, dark church, Reverend Paulson pronounced his blessing, drew the sign of the cross in the air to settle out upon them, and the overhead lights were turned on. The children received their reward of brown paper bags filled with a disappointingly standard array of candy and nuts, every sack the same, so that no trading or gloating was possible. And each Sunday School teacher deftly opened all her gifts with a display of delight over each handkerchief, hair clip, or painted pencil—no student had been

allowed to spend more than ten cents. While this took place, the ushers passed bowls of apples and nuts to the congregation, who murmured greetings to each other as the long restraint of the church service ended. Soon all of them were laughing and talking, completely oblivious to their presence in the house of the Lord; they ate apples, snapped nuts, and crackled bags among the holy pews.

Late in the night, when the children all slept, Henry left Vida's side to creep into the kitchen, where he placed Santa Claus' presents on the seat of each chair tucked under the table, as if Santa Claus had come down the black stovepipe, lifting the lids of the iron woodstove to deliver these gifts. Henry was about to place the gold bracelet wrapped in a small white box upon Vida's chair, but he changed his mind, chiding himself for allowing the foolishness of the boys' magical world to intercept his own pleasure in giving the present to Vida in person.

She had dozed off, and when he came back to bed he touched her flannel nightgown, surprising her with the gift. She sat up, pushed back her dark hair, her eyes alert and wondering as she undid the parcel. When she held out the glittering bracelet, Henry knew that her awareness of how little they could afford such a luxury actually added to her pleasure in it. She tried it on, held the gold band far from her eyes, and very, very close, and then she hid it behind Henry's back as she embraced him. He kissed her warm neck, snug under the nightgown, and he felt with pleasure the two pads of warmth where she pressed his back. He began making love to her with an ardor that sprang surprisingly alive. They had not had a time like this for many months—in the middle of the night, alone, with no fear of being overheard through the thin walls.

Before they fell asleep again, the wind sighed as it shifted direction, and new snow scratched icily on the storm windows. In the morning they awoke to another blizzard, with the wind defined and embodied by the currents of snow. The storm broke through the flaying limbs of the bare trees in the grove, streaked in long waves across the orchard, and disappeared in a mist around the barns. "Have you ever seen a storm like this?" he asked Vida, as they dressed in the cold bedroom. "It keeps coming back."

"Maybe it's trying to bury us here," she said casually, combing her dark hair carefully. When she sat at her dressing table, surrounded

comfortably by cosmetics, she enjoyed a mood peculiarly private—part of herself since the day she first put on lipstick, unconnected with the farm, her husband, or the children. The mirror gave her back herself, in triptych, and it was herself alone.

"We're buried, all right," said Henry lacing his cowhide shoes. "Snow-bound since last night, I'll bet, with this wind drifting shut the hole the snowplow made."

"Nothing we can do about it, I guess," she said, glancing at him directly. "And there really isn't much we *have* to do," she added, with a smile.

"I've got the chores."

"But what else?"

Henry laughed, rubbing his blond, stubbled chin. "What are you getting at?"

"I guess we have a holiday!" She smiled and turned back to the mirror. At thirty-five, her beauty was superior to the baby prettiness of her plump early twenties. Now her cheeks were smoothly planed, with a lean sophistication, and in the right clothes, which she took great pains to sew, she could walk any city street with confidence. Only her coarse, chapped hands betrayed the nature of her work.

The boys knocked on the bedroom door, clamoring for breakfast. "What's the matter, why ain't you people up?" called Paul.

"Oh, go away," replied his father with a laugh. And later, when they emerged, while Vida mixed the pancake batter, Henry told the boys: "Since you're on vacation from school, you can help me with chores."

He had said it in jest, knowing how much they wanted to exhaust the store of untried imagination hovering over their Christmas toys, but when he began fighting his way through the drifts toward the barn, with his children hugging his heels, Henry was happy for their help. Paul shoveled ensilage into the feed bunks for the white-faced Herefords, who crowded close together in the steaming barn, their coats hoary and eyes benevolent. Henry, meanwhile, attended to the milking. Floyd was too small to be good for much except arbitrate disputes among the fourteen cats, although later he helped turn the handle of the cream separator. Both boys assisted Henry in trying to lure the pigs from the warm hog house to eat the corn Henry scooped into bins on the snow-cleared feedlot. A few of the greedier ones stole

out, until the cold overwhelmed them, and they hurried back on their pointed toes to the warm straw within. The chickens in the henhouse breathed little clouds of vapor around their beaks. White and pale-cold as the day, the chickens stood high on the straw bedding of their barn; they, like the other livestock, looked up at Henry and the boys as they entered, as if long ago they had given up rescue, and, with beak touching beak in communication, had resigned themselves to a cruel death. Only the dog really seemed to enjoy himself for he loped through the drifts close behind Floyd, delighting in the blizzard for its harassment of everything.

The storm made all normal winter work impossible—excusing Henry from repairing machines, sawing logs, or cleaning out the barns. He returned to the house before eleven o'clock and sat reading until the noon market and weather report on the radio. Then, after their meal, Vida read to them all, while Henry sat with his shoes off, his feet propped on the warming reservoir of the woodstove. "You know," he smiled at Vida, "I'll bet all our neighbors aren't doing a thing, either." It was a comforting notion, for especially in spring, when John Hendricks or one of the other neighbors started field work before him, Henry would anxiously test the soil to see if the frost were out, and even when he knew that it was still too early to plow or disc, he would be made uneasy by a neighbor's premature start.

"We can sleep as late as we please, without worrying about being caught in bed," Vida said. Once the alarm had not gone off, and having overslept, Henry was seen in his pajamas by a neighbor who knocked on the door at seven-thirty. Farmers talked about it in town for several days, teasing Henry, for he wasn't the sort you'd catch that way.

The whole family speculated about when the snowplow would come again, but on New Year's Day it snowed more and they began to lose their expectations. Floyd and Paul could not even walk to country school a mile away, for Vida felt it was much too cold; the boys were not restless, having taken considerable interest in the challenge of the bad weather. Henry told them they were "real hired hands," and thus encouraged, they worked part of one day repairing the blow torch in order to thaw the watering troughs in the chicken barn. The boys also hollowed out caves in snowbanks, pulled each other on a sled, and played fox and geese with imaginary companions. And when the bitter cold numbed their noses and hardened the lobes of their ears, they

moved inside to convert one whole room of the house into a vast map of Europe, with armies of marbles marshalled on the frontiers, guarding paper kings and queens on tinfoil thrones.

Since their coal burned rapidly during the sub-zero weather, Henry told Vida he would have to stop being lazy and dig in the grove until he found wood for fuel. He gave the boys shovels to help excavate where he thought a fallen pine tree lay, and then, with Paul and Floyd exchanging turns on the other end of the hand saw, Henry bent to his task, watching the golden sawdust spill from the log and scatter upon the snow. Each noon the hysterical siren from Kaleburg swept across the empty miles to mark the half of day. Loaded with wood, all three would tramp through the drifts toward the house.

It was not hard managing thus by themselves; it was surprisingly easier than Henry had expected. For one thing, Vida always canned more vegetables, fruit, and meat than she ever used in a year. Now they drew upon leftovers from other seasons which were still perfectly preserved, and as they opened each jar, memories of the strawberries, cherries, tomatoes, or beans of those forever past years came vividly back—the essence sealed under the pressured zinc lid, awaiting release to dispel the barrenness of winter. He knew they could withstand a siege of months, living off these summer earnings from their fertile farm. The thought made him feel enormously proud, rich in his stewardship of the land. What if they didn't make money? They made a living.

When the electricity was cut off, they heard no radio and could not share the news of other isolated communities, although lately the announcers, tired of talking about the weather—the worst winter since 1882—had been mentioning local conditions less frequently. But Henry and Vida felt it mattered little what Roosevelt was doing in Washington or Mussolini in Italy. That world was far away and unreal compared to winter, unbelievable next to the facts of existence on the snowbound plains.

The Ketters were also without a telephone, which worried Vida, for if one of the children fell ill they might need aid desperately. "How could help come?" Henry laughed. "Even if you phoned? We're on our own, and if there's any help needed, we'll have to help ourselves."

But Vida could not dismiss the awful possibilities, not like Henry, who perhaps in childhood had experienced this kind of isolation. For

her it was being lost—lost for days on end, and subject to constant danger. She cautioned the children as they marched with their father to the woodlot. "Don't cut yourselves!" Vida imagined a lacerated hand, bleeding profusely in the stark, white snow. Against the possibility of disease she felt somewhat easier, unless the boys during the Christmas pageant had been exposed to germs which now were incubating. Measles, chicken pox, colds—these she had come to expect, and they did not trouble her. She tried to quiet her fears in Henry's presence, for she noticed his pleasure in the easy days and felt the relaxation to be good for him, before the difficulties of the coming spring—the job hunt in the city and all the dark uncertainties facing them. Let him have this one time of peace, she thought.

The leisure brought them closer together, and Henry came to her like a bridegroom on these long dark nights. Vida gave herself willingly to him, although they had resolved not to have another child, not with their finances so low and the future unsettled. The flower of love that blossomed so suddenly, hidden amid the thick green leaves of ordinary life since their first married passion, Vida realized was worth the dispelling of all cares. Now even their casual glances in the kitchen, over the heads of the boys, held a latent sensuality that stirred her deeply. She had thought she was growing older, past the time for this kind of behavior—and Henry, too—but as their daily love-making stretched on she began to think that they had only now come upon their true experience of physical happiness. Everything of love they had known before was a kind of preliminary to this shuddering, new relationship.

Vida was embarrassed that the children might notice the change that had come over their parents, but Henry did not seem to mind and even kissed her in front of them, which he had never done before, except in the dutiful way of aunts parting. She was greatly encouraged by his attention and much more at ease about what the future held in store. She had not been uncertain of his love, for he was not the kind of man who could ever change the focus of his affection, but she believed he would be less bitter about losing the farm. He tried to pretend it meant nothing to him, but Vida knew that the home where he had been born would not pass lightly from his hands. Only a greater loyalty, a higher demand such as this new, powerful serenity they had found between them in their love, could lessen the loss of the other.

"Do you notice?" Henry pointed out one day. "The boys don't fight between themselves like they used to."

"They have so much to keep them busy, I suppose."

Henry rubbed his hand through his hair in an awkward gesture that always preceeded some half-embarrassed disclosure. "This is a good life for them, that's why."

"Yes," she said, catching his full intent. "It's a fine place to raise boys *if* they're going to be farmers."

"Well, there's no use talking," he said, hurrying off to the washroom.

A few minutes later he stepped into the stinging wind; his eyes watered out of focus. Occasionally, the sun shone brilliantly through gaps in the soft, swift-moving clouds, and wind-driven snow needled his face with icy jabs. Just this morning in counting the cattle he had noticed one of them missing, and now, fearing it might have strayed to the frozen fields, he meant to try to find the animal, if it were not already too late. He lunged through the deep drifts until he came to the smooth, wind-swept fields. His numbed face soon would be endangered by frostbite, but even so, this work was worth doing—every bit of it, and that was what Floyd and Paul had come to realize. If they had not thawed the chicken water, those birds would have died. Theirs was a man's responsibility, learned by a couple of boys; a lesson at the very crux of life. It was why man was on this earth: to live and behave in this fashion. Henry bound a scarf over his nose and cheekbones and followed the fence row out, his gloved hand touching the taut wire that stretched ahead over the blurred hill.

Near the bottom-land where he cut several harvests of hay each year, he found the cow, but she was already a furred, frozen rock half buried in a snowbank, and as he stood beside her, he wondered what had possessed her to wander like this. What dim reaction drove her on and on to this far end of the field—the memory of waving, dark green grass, jeweled with the dandelions of early spring? What an unending and wondrous thing was life! He kicked the hard, immovable hide with an affectionate boot.

When finally the wind died in the third week of January, when every particle of snow had been swept into place, sculptured along the roadsides and under trees, Henry and Vida began to think their isolation from the outside world was near an end. The county snowplow

would be very late clearing their road, however, since they were the only residents on the mile, and more populous sections would have precedence. The frigid days declined into sunsets of delicate pastels that were the softest, most fragile colors of the year's evening sky. And just when it seemed certain that a warming trend was in the air, several inches of new snow fell without the prelude of louring clouds or the ominous stillness of the wind before it shifts—the usual ceremony before a storm.

With some pride, Henry announced to his family, "I think I'll make a pair of snowshoes and walk to town tomorrow. The flour bin is about empty, isn't it?"

"It'll last three or four more days," said Vida, "but if the weather's decent, you ought to go tomorrow. Then you can pick up the mail in town. We should have a sackful!"

As Henry hammered in the basement at his workbench, he knocked the pegs loose from their snowbound world. Floyd and Paul bickered and whined: "If Dad walks to town on snowshoes, we ought to have snowshoes, too—and go to school." They were all eager to break loose. Vida felt in herself the thrill of expectation—reading new magazines, catching up on the news, eating fresh apples and bananas, instead of canned peaches and plums; soon she herself would get to Kaleburg and unloose her tongue in the presence of women.

That evening a litter of pigs was born, and Henry brought them to the house, fearing that they would die if left in the chilled hogbarn, next to the wheezing old sow. The boys scrambled to find cardboard boxes, into which they placed them, one in each shoebox, and they slid them under the kitchen range on a cookie tray. Every half hour Paul and Floyd fed the pigs from baby bottles with worn nipples that they themselves had chewed. They stroked the black, silky coats of the animals with fascination as the pigs turned up blue, black-lashed eyes and pink snouts to look in wonder at the world.

In the morning, before he started for Kaleburg, Henry asked Vida if she wanted other provisions, besides groceries. He had asked her before, and on each occasion she had seemed close to speaking—enough of a hint for him to expect what she finally did confide, that she probably was pregnant, and he might buy some yard goods for her to make maternity dresses. He received the news as he had each of the other

times, exultantly, and he kissed her cheek but said nothing, since Paul had come into the room and was watching them closely.

Henry set off across the drifts, lifting his platter feet high with each step, until he became used to a more natural gait. The fields passed under him without being recognized, for he skimmed the surface of the snow-covered earth. When he reached the edge of Kaleburg a group of town boys who had been rabbit hunting stopped to stare at him, snickering at first, and then openly laughing. One of the boys laboriously lifted his feet in mockery of the snowshoes. "What you got on your feet?" they tittered and ran away.

Angered by their insolence, Henry quickly dismissed them as foolish boys with nothing better to do. He was tired and cold, dragging along toward the center of town with slow feet. Several housewives on the way ran to their windows. He saw the white front curtains part like camera shutters. Finally, he stopped by a tree and removed the cumbersome shoes, saying to himself, "In town they have the sidewalks shoveled, even. It's not like the country, that's for sure." Would anyone believe him when he told how he and his family had been marooned for weeks? Never had he felt so foreign in his home town. The snowshoes he carried under his arm drew surprised glances from people he met on Main Street. Henry first stopped at the dry goods store to purchase the cloth, for he didn't know the clerks and would not have to talk about where he had been these past weeks. For some reason, he did not want to discuss the matter with any of them.

In the grocery store where he regularly traded, he expected many friendly questions from Schmidt. But the owner was nowhere around, and the clerk, whom Henry knew less well, only nodded a pleasant hello. Henry placed his order, adding: "And I guess that's all I'll be able to carry home."

"Pretty cold out, ain't it?" said the clerk.

"Yeah, and it's a long way I've got to carry this stuff."

"Guess winter must like it here, he's been staying so long," said the youth, busily making up the order.

"I have to go to the bank," said Henry, suddenly irritated by the young man's blandness. "I'll be back to pick it up."

Henry had applied for an extension of the time on his loan, just on the chance that it might come through, but he had been told not to

expect it, and now as he turned the shiny brass knob and stepped upon the marble tile floor, he felt quite sure that he could expect no aid from this quarter. Although the girls and the teller glanced at him with smiles, Henry paused to dandle some income tax folders, just to have time to get a grip upon himself. He cringed at the thought of hearing the final word of doom for his farm, flung into his face on this day, despite all his family had been through out there. Now he realized how far he had skated upon the thin hope of a loan extension.

The vice-president strolled comfortably by from the drinking fountain and placed a friendly hand on Henry's arm. "Oh, Henry, come on in. I've been meaning to talk to you—almost sent you another card, since you didn't show up after the first one."

"We've been snowed in. Haven't had any mail."

The banker grinned with apparently warm interest. "Is that so! For a couple of weeks? I'd heard some folks were really buried, but I didn't know *you* were stuck out there."

"I came about the loan," Henry began.

The man's cheerful, round smile suddenly turned astringent. "I know, I wanted to tell you personally how sorry I am. But Henry, we've got to earn our living, too, and there're hundreds of farmers like you. Why, if we gave you another extension—certainly, of course!" He suddenly put up his hand, as if he felt Henry would interrupt. "You intend to pay it back—but how? And when? These are simply *damn* hard times." He came down hard on the profane word to show Henry how deeply he felt it; they were both from the same church, and a swear word had considerable force—but not to Henry now. He hardly listened and left the man quickly.

A mealy sickness filled his stomach. Mechanically, he gathered his groceries in a sack, slung them over his shoulders, and stopped at the post office before heading home. The daily papers were too bulky, so he threw some of them away, for they only recorded days that he had known more intimately than the writers of the news. There were not many letters; he put them inside the pouch without glancing at them. As he strapped on his snowshoes and tramped down the streets of Kaleburg toward the country, he did not care who saw him. He strode across the bare fields nearly bereft of snow from the impact of the wind, across deceptive, hidden cornstalks, over fences.

The trip home was long, and when he reached the forelock of a hill where he could see his farm, he paused, leaning against a fence post.

Yes, he was returning to his land, by God. And hard work it was, being a farmer, but it was a man's work. It was better than anything else one might do. He would not have that grocer's job for anything, to say foolish things about the weather while dusting canned peas on a musty shelf; nor would he be a banker and stick by rules, or walk on marble tile all day. Henry looked across the frozen white stretch to the black grove like an island in an arctic sea. That was his farm, his home: there would be no other, not in all the years that might stretch ahead, for it had been his home for all the years that lay behind. This he knew now, as surely as he knew himself and who he was; and from the reaction of his family and the happiness they had found in the midst of the storm, he knew what was truly best for them, too. Somehow, a way would open; they would find money; they would hang on.

He leaned forward, slipping faster across the snow as he neared the kitchen. Would the boys be at the windows watching for him? At last he unstrapped his snowshoes and tramped upon the back porch. Eagerly he entered the kitchen, and Vida kissed his cold cheek as she undid his strapped mail pouch. The boys, she told him, had gone to school shortly after he had left. "I let them go. They were so determined, and worried about catching up on the arithmetic and history they'd missed."

Henry felt oddly undermined and quite exhausted. He had expected the whole grateful family to clamor around upon his return, rejoicing in his accomplishment of the journey. He began to tell Vida about the snow-clear sidewalks and streets of Kaleburg and how the whole world seemed to be going by without much attention to the storm at all; but he saw his wife impatiently opening the letters, smiling at him with half her attention, her eyes eagerly scanning the tissue sheets in her hand. Then he stopped talking.

"Oh, listen to this," Vida said, her cheeks coloring from excitement, and she rose quickly to show Henry the actual words on the page. "It's from Irene in Denver—and she says there're quite a few jobs out there, and we could stay in her apartment until we get located. See?" She thrust it close to his face, but he did not read; he believed her. "What do you think? Oh, I know we've not been thinking about

going so far—but she's my only sister. The closest family—I mean, next to all of you. And she might even have some connections."

Henry felt the flesh heavy on his face, clinging to his skull with a weight, and only by conscious effort could he feign interest in his eyes. He wearily put his arms around Vida as the two of them sat near the kitchen stove; he imagined her eager thoughts leaping to Denver, and he kissed her brow gently, without passion.

Floyd and Paul rushed in a few minutes later, shaking snow from their boots upon the linoleum floor, where it sparkled in small puddles. The country school had been open following New Year's Day. Bitterly disappointed that they had not struggled through the snowbanks earlier, the boys complained that they would be denied their gold stars for attendance. Henry scoffed at their concern until he saw the look in Paul's eyes and the angry way he clutched the arithmetic book to his chest. Both boys were good students, he and Vida had always known, but not until this moment did Henry realize how much they really cared. In high school they would win honors, followed by scholarships to college, and the farm would be quickly abandoned in their expanding lives. They were reaching for city life right now, and Vida, too, although in a different fashion. Henry left his chair near the stove and stepped into the washroom. He would not force the farm on any of them—aware as he was now of their farther dreams.

As Henry pulled on his wool mittens and left the house he noticed that dusk was already creeping through the grove. He thought of the unborn child, heir of the winter; perhaps, although born in some strange city, it would always sense a dim connection to a farm never seen. Slowly he inhaled the moist air of the south wind. Tomorrow the sun would shine more warmly as the January thaw set in, and all this snow would sag, melt away, and sparkle with the false promise of spring. But he knew also that the snow never stops: flake follows flake and drift succeeds drift until the unending whiteness covers all.

Film and Fiction

By EVELYN T. RIESMAN

No form of art, given the existence of other forms, has a monopoly over what appears to be at first its proper domain. For each form exerts pressures on the others, overlaps them and carries on some kind of traffic with them. Film is a medium which, more than any other, by its very nature, has felt these pressures and also has exerted its own on other forms. In discussing film and fiction together, I want to see where and how they overlap each other and where they exert pressures on one another, as well as differ from each other.

Fiction, whether in the form of a novel, short story, or film, poses certain problems which are different from those of poetry, music, or painting. For the poetic arts single out certain moments from life; while fiction, concerned with the ethics of living, dissolves those poetic moments back into life. Or to put it another way, the artist who experiences life in moral terms is apt to be a maker of fiction; the artist who experiences life through the senses is apt to be a maker of poetry. This is speaking in extremes, of course, for the artist moves somewhere in between; yet he makes his choice of medium by the kind of experience that seizes his imagination. The poet does not need to have lived long or be wise and experienced to write poetry; rather the contrary: he often has a certain childlike intensity of feeling and freshness of vision; he needs to see and feel life with wonder rather than with understanding. And so to be young is no disadvantage to the poet.

The fiction writer who is young, however, is at some disadvantage, for it takes a certain amount of experience of life to create fiction. A

Evelyn T. Riesman has published fiction and since her college days at Bryn Mawr has been interested in the drama and in art. This article was developed from a speech delivered before the Seminar of the Robert Flaherty Film Foundation in August of last year.

writer said to me once, "All fiction is autobiography or a wish-fulfillment," and I suppose, in a very broad sense, that this is true. The young fiction writer can either write poetic fantasy or he can write a novel of adolescence. There are some writers who go on all their lives writing fantasy; and there are others who discover themselves before they have accumulated enough life to write about. (I do not mean that one has to go in for a "cult of experience" or an accumulation of meaningless experience, but rather that one simply has to go on living and growing older and understanding life as one lives it.) The young fiction writers who write from themselves and their experience often have the fear, as Glenway Wescott did, of writing themselves out. Perhaps the nightmare of the writer (unless he is like Proust and has already lived his life) is that he will hack away at himself and discover there is nothing left: like Marcel Marceau's witty pantomime of the sculptor chiselling away at the marble until it is gone! For it seems today that fiction writing is becoming less an art of story telling and more an art in which the self of the writer is deeply involved. It has moved, as all the arts have, from the external world toward the internal world of the artist's mind. The artist, that is, is taking himself, his own life, more and more as symbolic of life.

But how does the artist, fiction writer or film maker, recognize something in his life that will make a story? I think we do not always know. And I think, as in chemical experiments, some experiences or situations work and some do not work. But there is something that makes us choose one subject rather than another, something very close that keeps coming back to our mind like a mild obsession perhaps. For example, in writing fiction, I think the kind of thing I hit upon is this: it is not just some situation so much as it is the need in me which a situation arouses: the need to find artistically a solution to something for which I see no solution morally.

Sometimes well-meaning friends come to me with something they say will make a "wonderful story," and then proceed to tell me a very dramatic "true" story; and couldn't I write it, they say. But we can't do anything with a large indigestible lump of ready-made story and particularly with a story lacking in any close correspondences in our own life; moreover we cannot do anything even with our own life story, just as it is. Some writers have tried to, to be sure: Thomas Wolfe and Theodore Dreiser, for instance, have tried to put all of

themselves and all of life into their novels without full success: for there is too much in life; we have to select from it. As Jacques Maritain puts it, "the artist does not copy nature as an object, but steals from nature." What we steal must be something small, a "germ" as Henry James says, for this small thing will then be able to grow by the laws of its own shape and meaning. And when it is allowed to grow by the laws of its own morphology, then it begins to have a richness and inevitability of its own, not depending upon actual happenings.

The process of isolating our subject from life and creating out of it a work of fiction has many similarities in writing and in film making. When we have written our first draft or have taken our first shots or rushes, we are probably dismayed, for what we have looks to us too discursive: it is too much like life and therefore, strangely enough, seems pointless. Nevertheless we have isolated something, and the moment we have done that we have something to work on. We may not be entirely sure just what it is that we have, because it is so full of extraneous matter. Of course, we may want some extraneous matter in our work; for our story must seem to live. And in order to live, it may wander off its point, draw into its orbit other related things; it may have its own accidents and opacities and depths. That is, it may have some disorder about it, all within its own kind of order. But these accidents have to be put in and not simply to be found there out of some inadvertence on our part. (Occasionally something accidentally does get into what we are doing which is wonderfully right, better than anything we could have intended—when the typewriter went on working without our thinking, or the camera went on taking!) But for the most part, we have isolated something intentionally, and our mind begins working on it, operating on it, cutting, interpreting, rewriting, pouring meaning into it. It becomes something outside us with an existence of its own. As we work on it we begin to get feedback from it: it begins to tell us more and more clearly what it is. It is not always what we thought it would be: or sometimes it leads us astray into something we don't want it to be, and we have to start over again. But at other times when our chemical experiment, so to speak, is coming out right, we have the feeling not only of creating but of discovering something, as if uncovering something there that was unknown to us.

Sometimes our "discovery" will come to us, not when we are at

work, but when we are daydreaming, or out walking (Poincaré describes the solution of a mathematical problem which came to him just as he was boarding a bus), as if the mind did its most difficult work when not focusing too directly on the problem. Sometimes we have the feeling that if we had not worked at a particular time, a particular hour or particular day, we would have created something different. And perhaps this is so within limits. But however we work, we finally begin to recognize that there is a quality of our own in what we do. When we recognize this (let us call it our style), we begin to gain new confidence; but we have to guard then against falling into the trap of imitating ourselves, for there is always the danger that our style will become a formula; rather, we must discover over again each time what it is we want to do.

Most forms of expression today, not only in their subject matter but in their style as well, have become so much a matter of individual perception and experience that the focal point seems to have moved from external reality to some kind of internal one.

It is interesting that at just this point in our aesthetic development the camera and the movie camera have arrived on the scene, photography being the medium *par excellence* for recording with precision the realism and externality of things. Of course it did not take long to discover, however, that the camera could do much more than this: besides creating realism it could also create fantasy, surrealism, and a kind of literary depth, just as writing can achieve other than purely literary effects—photographic effects, for example. But such achievements are a kind of *tour de force,* and each medium has its own limitations as well as its own assets to contend with.

Film, for example, is a series of pictures (which theoretically can be stopped at any point and be seen as a still, as "poetry") adding up to one final aesthetic effect, one *Gestalt*; while a novel is made up of language emerging out of the matrix of thought and feeling to create sounds and images moving on many levels at once, also adding up to one final aesthetic effect, one *Gestalt.* Since film presents life visibly and palpably, the main problem is, how through the immediate senses of sight and sound to suggest other things, other levels of meaning, mood, the interior thoughts of characters and a sense of the past and future. Since writing deals with thoughts and feelings as well as action, put into words, its main problem is how to present these

things in some immediate way appealing to the senses. The inherent qualities limiting these two media, therefore, are in a sense opposites: the problem for film is to delve beneath the images and surfaces of things into meanings; and for writing to emerge from the morass of thought into something sensuous, visible, tactile, or audible.

The audible in prose—direct speech—might be defined as thought made palpable; it might also be seen as the simplification of thought, the thin line on the surface of all that is unuttered lying beneath. Conversation and gesture together, in all their inconsequential detail, are perhaps the surface of the work: and their function, almost like the painted decorations on the surface of a bowl, is that of making this surface more visible, affording the brilliance, the color and design, underneath which the narrative moves. Henry Green uses such design and surface almost exclusively in his writing; and perhaps more than any other modern writer he catches the fleeting, expressive, often absurd quality of speech, the half-begun sentence, the interruptions, with minimum of explanation or description. Since this is "pure" conversation, one hears it in all its audibility. But conversation is not always so pure in fiction writing. It often carries with it too much freight—when, for instance, having to express an idea or give an explanation necessary to the story. Even such a fine writer as Elizabeth Bowen misuses conversation in this way at the beginning of *Death of the Heart,* where one character is explaining to another the situation of the story. Such spoken words have no dramatic effect, and one does not really hear them. Since explanation or exposition in fiction is a kind of scaffolding, the writer would like to be able to get rid of it or keep it covered up, would like to see the necessary information revealed in some less obvious way through the thoughts, speech, and action. To stop the flow of the story in order to make an explanation seems clumsy. To give a long explanation at the beginning is boring and inartistic.

Film has not got this problem to the same degree, for it can present a great deal of necessary information at a glance: it can present a place and all that is there at once; it can present characters, their ages and relationships without having to stop to tell this in words to the audience. Since film is above all a pictorial art, it need not depend on spoken words to say the important things, or to create the motion or design of the surface. The high moments in the film

are achieved rather where the picture is allowed to speak for itself: where the camera studies by close-up what is going on in the minds of the characters, or where it recedes into the distance to take in a whole scene. The great moments, in other words, are likely to take place when the camera is either too close or too distant for words to be uttered, or if uttered, to have great importance. Speech is almost like an accompaniment to film, taking the place of music. The decorative surface of film is created by the work of the camera, the way it approaches a place, dwells upon objects and scenes, the way it comes and goes and moves about.

The camera seems always to be telling a story in the present tense and to draw everything into the present tense, whether or not it intends to do so; even flashbacks into the past are experienced by the audience as in the present: it is a way of keeping the illusion of the present, a way of keeping the classic rule of the unity of time. There is usually no attempt to create the illusion of the past or to give memory a different photographic quality from that of the action in the present. The flashbacks are undifferentiated from the present except by a fade-out or dissolve at the beginning and the end of the episode. But memory might be shown, it seems to me, more imaginatively either as being more intense (perhaps with some different kind of lighting) just as childhood memories often seem to us more brilliant, more lucid; or as less intense, even dim, as some memories so often are; or confused with the present using the device of a double exposure throughout the whole episode; or perhaps by inserting images into some portion of the screen, like the floating memories and myths in the painting of Marc Chagall.

"*La realité ne se forme que dans la mémoire*," Proust says. But what Proust does with memory, of course, is to bring it before us in all its intense, brilliant and palpable quality. Film can do this naturally and easily. But the difference in quality between film and writing is rather in the distance or depth from which these things seem to come. In film the problem is to create that depth. In writing the problem is rather to create the immediacy. Fiction writing is usually an account of something, a remembrance, told in the past tense. Immediacy could be gained, we might think, then, by using the present tense. But that is not always so; for it is extremely difficult to keep the texture even and rich, when writing in the present tense. If there are spaces

or silence, or if for a moment nothing is happening or being felt, there will be holes. But writing in the past tense puts the scene at a distance, so to speak, at a further perspective, and the holes disappear. Using the present tense in writing is like looking at something under a magnifying glass. Colette comes to my mind as a writer who has mastered the handling of the present tense with skill. She is constantly aware of everything in the scene; her rendering of it becomes a steady and sensuous experience; the speech, the action, the feeling, and the surroundings are all in her field of attention, creating a beautiful balance between the perceptions and thoughts. We move from one level to the other hardly aware of it, as in life. This is what in music is called the line. There may be a rest in one voice, but another picks it up. The rests are not holes, but pauses, vistas, moments where changes of perception take place.

Katherine Anne Porter in speaking of time and the tenses says that the past is the only real time dimension—because the past is something that has occurred and therefore exists. The future is only a concept and the present is (she says) "that fateful split second in which all action takes place." Language cannot capture that fateful split second with the ease that the movie camera can. The movie camera, of course, lives and moves in the fateful split second of the present. We have the feeling in watching a film that the camera does not know, any more than the audience does, what is going to happen next, because the camera is seeing everything for the first time, too, so to speak. This is the illusion the camera creates: that it is present at the happening, rather than telling us about something that has already happened. Film, in other words, does not explain: it shows. And the moment we are shown something we begin to sense the mystery of it. For we must discover the underlying meanings for ourselves. In fiction, on the other hand, the author knows the story and is artistically unfolding and relating something that has already happened. The author is telling his story in a moving and perhaps poetic way. He mixes the story with his thoughts about the story and the characters in it, his philosophy and all that he knows, his understanding of life. A character in film can hardly ever have the same internality as a character in fiction. On the other hand, we seldom completely picture the appearance of a person in fiction: the externals are often shadowy; and in fact the more we identify with a character in fiction the more

shadowy the external appearance often is to us. In film there can be no such vagueness about the externals. The camera by its very nature must work from the outside in; fiction by its very nature from the inside out.

But we can also think of films that are literary, that do not move in the split second of the present, that seem to ruminate and unfold and seem to be in the mind of someone. And we become aware of the camera as author when we feel it looking at things in a special way, when we feel ideas are involved, as in *Rashomon,* or where we feel the camera is becoming poetic: we are being made to see more than we might ordinarily see; we are being shown something that someone else sees, and it becomes almost a literary experience with literary insights and illuminations.

In the same way an author may try to leap over the "natural" boundaries of writing and try to represent the camera eye: Dos Passos, for instance, brings the scene immediately before the reader, with close-ups and flashbacks and a minimum of description, only what the camera-eye can quickly summarize. These leapings over boundaries are always exciting: when poetry becomes painting in words, or when painting becomes a kind of calligraphy, and when photography moves more and more toward something internal, something literary, turning in upon itself, so to speak, on the mind working behind it.

But we might ask why, if this be so, is a quality then more "natural" to one medium than another? Aren't these simply conventions? Perhaps one answer is that writing can recreate the interior life most naturally because our minds think chiefly in words. But we do our dreaming in images, and the camera is a dreaming as well as a seeing instrument. It is easier then and more "natural" for the camera to dream and for the writer to think. Characters in fiction who only think do not come to life, for they never come up into the air or light for our senses to perceive. And the camera that glides too easily over the surfaces of things and of characters will give the impression that those characters have no thoughts.

While fiction and film have these differences, they also have problems in common. In film, as well as in writing, the artist has to begin somewhere, has to decide whether to create the whole scene at once or to let it gradually appear, has to decide whether to begin with description or action, whether to interlace these with each other,

or whether to present one and then the other in large chunks. And the artist has to decide on a point of view: whether to be in the scene or to be an all-seeing eye looking on. If in it, how involved in it? And so on. But perhaps the greatest of the problems for fiction and film is how to create an illusion of life (not to be mistaken for reality), how to create distance and metaphor. The other arts have not got this problem to the same degree: poetry, drama, music and most paintings are by their very nature metaphorical; but fiction and film can all too easily fall into a kind of reporting which seems to have no other meaning than to present a "slice of life," the reporter or the camera being there on the scene, telling us that "this really happened." In fiction writing the reportorial manner even suggests that the novel or story is being written with an eye to the movie camera; and hence this fiction has little literary merit; for to recreate film technique metaphorically, as Dos Passos did, is quite a different matter from writing a book like *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* which is no more than a film scenario. Indeed much of our "highbrow" literature presents scenes of violence and action, with cumulative documentary detail, and considers that that makes a story. Violence in other words seems often to be used to create or take the place of distance and metaphor in this literature which lacks any deeper meaning than that of being a slice of life.

The very precision and closeness of the camera, therefore, which is in one sense a virtue, can become in film and even in fiction writing (when consciously or unconsciously imitating film) a real danger. Of course it is not realism *per se* which is the trouble, but the fetish of realism which film has encouraged. Where there is meaning and *Gestalt* there is distance and metaphor even in the most realistic films and stories. However, the danger of losing this aesthetic perspective is greater perhaps in film than in fiction, for film can easily revert to "documentary" in order to cover up some flaw; or it may have moments of being spaciously documentary, by introducing some piece of realism into fantasy. A striking example of this occurs in the film of *Moby Dick,* which for the most part is a beautiful fantasy of the sea, at times even verging on abstract painting; but the illusion is spoiled by the appearance of Gregory Peck as Ahab: for the camera seems to be saying "this is Gregory Peck being Ahab." If in that film Ahab had to appear, then he should have been like the rest of the motley

crew, unknown, archaic in appearance, and mysterious; for film cannot so easily disguise a personality in the way the stage can, with its distance and its accepted conventions.

In translating from fiction or from drama, film runs into other difficulties, too. In translating a play, for example, the film may add too much: too much moving around from place to place, when the effectiveness of the play may have been in the fixed or even claustrophobic stage set; or in making visible, by acting them out, things which in the play were left to the imagination; or in allowing the film to usurp the poetry of the lines, which it can do all too easily. For instance, the film of *Henry V* falls into these errors, and the play becomes lost in cinematography, creating a kind of parallel poetry in which the poetry of the play becomes redundant. *Romeo and Juliet,* on the other hand, avoided these temptations and was a most exquisite translation. The dangers of translating from fiction into film are different and perhaps more subtle, for film is apt to emphasize the action and the drama and so lose the ruminative or philosophic quality, the style of the book. But how could one translate style? Could one make a film of *Apartment in Athens,* for example, which would convey the extraordinary quality of depth and economy in the style of that book? *Moby Dick* attempted to do this with, at times, beautiful results.

Certainly film has enormous potentialities in this direction, for there is almost nothing that film cannot do or be; it can be painting, as it is in the films of McLaren or Jim Davis; it can be poetry as it is in *Louisiana Story;* it can be a short story as it is in *Little Fugitive;* it can be pantomime, and so on. Yet film has only begun to make use of all its possibilities, with its rapidly changing technical developments: sound, color, and now the wide screen. Moreover, these "improvements" are likely to be used indiscriminately at first: where, for example, some subjects might be better off without sound; or more suitable in black and white, where a certain starkness is wanted; or more suitable on the smaller screen where intimacy and focus is wanted. Indeed the wide screen often detracts by simply being a three-ring circus—*Lust for Life* and *Moby Dick* are exceptions, for there the wide screen is used and discarded with fine effect. Yet the wide screen has hardly begun to be exploited artistically, in the possibilities which the lack of focal point suggests, such as the flowing or circular

pattern exemplified in *Finnegans Wake*, or in the painting of Jackson Pollock, without beginning, middle or end. Film certainly can work within this subjective and poetic idiom. But to do so, it will take the kind of imagination and boldness of a James Joyce or a Jackson Pollock. It is sometimes argued that writing has explored all its possibilities: that there is nowhere to go beyond Proust, Gertrude Stein, Joyce, Faulkner, and Beckett. And similar predictions are sometimes made about film: that it has been killed by sound effects, wide screen effects, or Hollywood effects. However, I see nothing to prevent writers or directors from disproving such predictions by redefining what fiction is or what film is, especially when they can profit from the simultaneous existence of both media.

Crop Dusting

By Leonard Nathan

He is archaic in air as heroes and his flight
Is strained with wooden wings and toothpick struts;
Strung wire and awkward fuselage resist
All motion, and the desperate engine butts
Ahead and roars unwilling as if height
Thickened and the propeller fought to twist.
Now he banks lower on infected green
To harrow life that kills, though all life dies;
Then, staggering straight, he levels out to dust.
I see him now, his goggles like gross eyes
To take on earth the fix of his machine,
The life and death contraption of his trust.

Leonard Nathan teaches in Modesto, California, and he is presently working on a book of verse. He has published previously not only in *The Antioch Review* but in such magazines as *Poetry, The New Republic, The Nation, The Chicago Review* and *Accent*.

Galatea

By Tim Reynolds

was, as any human child, conceived
in flesh, but born in ivory; she grew,
a tremulous bud, in Pygmalion's hothouse mind
until at last her final form, full-leaved,
stood gazing under his chisel-blows
and came to be complete. The sculptor's tool was stained
with blood; in wonderment, he touched her neck,
no longer ivory, but catalpa-firm.
He stroked her belly. It was warm.
He loved what he had made until, in time,
he woke to find his mistress once more rock.

The streetwalker pounds pavements and becomes
cement: the pelted witch a scarred pebble:
the bombed-under and charred housewife rubble:
boney spinsters mingle with their marble tombs:
the five-o'clock women on Fifth Avenue
are brayed to powder in that river's flow:
mineral infiltrates to seize their precious form
as flesh evaporates.
Pygmalion's passion
wilts before her concentric grace, the fern's
fossil lace: refrozen, she returns
no touch nor love: he mourns, with his hands' warmth
at her cold breasts, his living breath on the stone mouth
of Galatea, poised in pedestalled reversion:
her curves preserved in ivory
and unapproachable to him as memory.

Poems by Tim Reynolds recently appeared in *Quixote* and in *New Campus Writing: No. 2*, and his translation of three short plays by Federico Garcia Lorca in *Accent*. He is now taking basic training at Fort Dix.

Carrion

By Gloria MacArthur

Languor bloomed in a can
redder for rising from rust.

The saucer-breasted girls
curled their toes in the dust.

Love, a dime-store pearl,
peeled off layers of words.

Lovers sat on sticks
like taxidermic birds.

Seven tin roofs
spat upon the fevered hills.

Matahiva, torpid,
breathed through gills.

The bright geranium stank
that dry-hot septic night.

Down in the deep-down-under
the lost seed of delight.

Gloria McArthur has worked as a reporter and columnist for Minnesota and California newspapers. She is married to a former newspaper editor now completing his first novel.

The Miracle of Postwar German Art

By ALFRED WERNER

THE MODERN ART OF GERMANY has never had many admirers on this side of the Atlantic. German art is often considered as lacking the charm, gaiety and brilliance of French art. Goethe, one of the severest critics of his own nation, had a sharp eye for a conspicuous German failing: "It lies in the character of the Germans that they become heavy-handed about everything and that everything becomes heavy over them."

While this may very well apply to Germany's plastic arts, for fairness' sake credit should be given to the Germans for their earnest and methodical search, for the vigor of their—sometimes brutal—directness of approach.

Whatever the reasons, our museums and private collectors have traditionally invested their affection in, and concentrated their efforts on, Gallic art, from Manet to Manessier. While their collections may contain samples of work by Bruecke, Blauer Reiter or Bauhaus artists, later German movements are almost certain to be ignored. Hence, it has become customary here to overlook all but the contemporaries of Rouault, of Picasso, even though in Europe well earned praise has been received by Germans born in this century, such as the painters Ernst Wilhelm Nay (1902) and Fritz Winter (1905), and the sculptors Karl Hartung (1908) and Bernard Heiliger (1915), all represented at the Venice Biennale of 1956.

Apparently, German art was a bit more popular among Americans of the '20's. As early as 1923, only five years after the Armistice, William R. Valentiner, acquainting America with the creations of the new Germany, could write that Germany ("defeated in war, humil-

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ALFRED WERNER lectures on art history at Wagner College in New York City. His "The Fauve Who Was No Beast" appeared in our summer, 1956 issue.

iated, impoverished") was finding in art a refuge, and, through art, would "justify her claims to real greatness, turning to the inner beauties of life, the mysticism and symbolism, and, in doing so, evolve a new school of painting and sculpture."

Yet in the twelve years since V-E Day, there has been here no comprehensive showing of Germany's new painting and sculpture.[1] (When speaking of Germany, I refer solely to the Bonn Republic, since the "art" manufactured in Communist-dominated Eastern Germany is as insipid and sterile as nearly all "Socialist Realism.") The reason for our present lack of information is not difficult to find. American intellectuals remained suspicious of a people who gave sanction to an infamous regime. How could there have been a rebirth after all that happened between 1933 and 1945!

Indeed, in comparison to Hitler, Emperor Wilhelm II had little power to retard the progress of art. Undoubtedly, the Kaiser was aesthetically no more sophisticated than the Fuehrer. Joachim von Kuerenberg, ardent admirer, admitted his hero's shortcomings in his biography of Germany's last emperor:

> Unfortunately, Wilhelm II exerted no good influence on the formative arts. The artists whom he furthered, deserved, as a rule, neither recognition nor support. . . . For Wilhelm II the German Modernists . . . were representative of the 'art of the gutter.' . . . many of the buildings in the reign of Wilhelm II possessed only mediocre artistic value. (*The Kaiser*, 1955)

But in the Kaiserreich even the worst reactionaries did not dare to propose a Malverbot (prohibition to paint) or Ausstellungsverbot (prohibition to exhibit) for undesirable artists, not to mention prison sentences. Museum directors and critics were not fired for opposing the ruler's views—all this started in 1933. It is true that when a Berlin

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[1]The Museum of Modern Art, New York, included works by Hans Uhlmann, Fritz Winter, and Theodor Werner in its 1955 show, "The New Decade" (born in 1886, Werner has been exhibiting since 1911). Works by German artists have also been seen in New York at the Grace Borgenicht, Hacker, and Kleemann Galleries. After completion of his manuscript, the author learned that the major fall exhibition (October-December) of the Museum of Modern Art will be *German Art of the 20th Century*, including more than 112 paintings and sculptures and more than 50 prints. To be published in October also is the first book in English on the subject, *Modern German Painting* by Hans Konrad Roethel (Reynal and Company).

artists' jury wished to award a gold medal to Kaethe Kollwitz for her set, *The Weavers*, the honor was vetoed by the Kaiser; yet the Berlin Kupferstich-Kabinett purchased these revolutionary prints, and the artist was awarded a gold medal in Dresden.

To the same extent that the empire abhorred all progressive art (even Liebermann's tame impressionism), the Weimar Republic officially encouraged it; as a result, Berlin, Dessau, Dusseldorf became focal points of advanced practice and ideas. Outlanders like the Russian Kandinsky, the American Feininger, the Hungarian Moholy-Nagy and the Swiss Klee were able to spread the gospel of abstract art. Max Beckman, Otto Dix and George Grosz, then only in their thirties, had a considerable following. If they did not "turn to the inner beauties of life" (Valentiner's phrase), they did evolve a new school of painting, *Neue Sachlichkeit* (New Objectivity). Their canvases reflect the era's anxiety; Dix and Grosz, in particular, used their tools to attack philistinism and militarism, and to proclaim sympathy with the disinherited—without forgetting that only good art yields good propaganda.

The Austrian Oscar Kokoschka was also in his early thirties when the Weimar Republic made him a professor at the Academy in Dresden. But when Rolf Cavael was about the same age, the Nazis imprisoned this abstract artist at the brutal Dachau concentration camp; released on probation, he was forbidden to paint, and it was not until 1945 that he was once again free to create and to exhibit. Xavier Fuhr, too, survived a concentration camp, but two artists of Jewish origin, Otto Freundlich and Rudolf Levy, never came out alive. To appreciate the miracle of the new German renaissance in the arts, and to understand its shortcomings and limitations, one must familiarize oneself with the vicissitudes of those who now represent the Bonn Republic at the Biennale, and other international exhibitions.

Except for the sculptor George Kolbe (whose work had become sufficiently academic to please the Nazis) not a single important artist chose to collaborate with the Hitler regime. Undoubtedly, some might have done so, had it been possible to wipe from memory at least a century of artistic progress. In any event, 1933 was a most decisive year for German artists. Those who were already well-established bore the brunt of Hitler's wrath: they were exposed to ridicule in exhibitions of "Degenerate" Art and often forbidden not only to

exhibit but even to create.[2] On the other hand, they could emigrate (as a few did) and expect to be received with honors abroad. Some withdrew to tiny villages in the mountains or on the North Sea, where they might elude the Gestapo.

It was different for young men who had hardly begun to exhibit: they had to devote themselves to commercial art, to industrial designing, and even to menial jobs if they wished to remain unmolested. If there was any time left for creative work, they had to be content with sketches and small clay models, easily concealed during Gestapo inspection. In a sense, these survivors of oppression might still be considered "young" artists, since the Fascist era robbed them of twelve years of artistic study and growth.

Fritz Winter[3] lost nearly sixteen years. A miner's son, he first worked in the pits, then managed to go to the Bauhaus in Dessau where he was guided by Klee and Kandinsky. But the Bauhaus had to be closed even before the Nazis came to full power. From 1933 to 1939 he could work only in secrecy, was then pressed into the Wehrmacht, and shortly before the end of the war, was captured by the Russians and sent to Siberia. Not before 1949 did he regain his freedom. It is hardly astonishing that there is a tragic undertone (albeit a slight one) in his work, despite the lyrical intensity of his dramatic, nonfigurative forms, executed in lightning bold color. Referring to Klee and Kandinsky, he recently said:

"I had the advantage of studying under two great masters. One showed me the way to thought, the other to contemplation." And he added: "The third teacher—the time in which I live—has shown me the way to creation."

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[2]As the late Karl Hofer tells us in his memoirs, *Erinnerungen eines Malers* (Berlin 1953) there existed "speakeasies" of art. Hofer applied this American term to shops where the outlawed modern art was sold clandestinely to those who gagged at Hitler's favorites, such as Adolf Ziegler and Joseph Thorak.

[3]Additional information on this artist, and on some of the others discussed here can be gathered from *Deutsche Kunst im 20.Jahrhundert*, by Ludwig Grote (Prestel Verlag, Munich, 2nd edition, 1954) and *German Painting in Our Time*, by Gerhard Haendler (Rembrandt Verlag, Berlin, 1956; distributed in the United States by Wittenborn & Co., New York). For the conditions in the Third Reich, see *Art under a Dictatorship*, by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt (Oxford University Press, New York, 1954).

Hans Jaenisch, born 1907, also fell into disfavor for his Surrealist and abstract work. Drafted into the army, he was captured in North Africa, and brought to a POW camp in Texas. Returning to Germany he found that all his early work had been destroyed in the bombardments. But he viewed this loss with a philosophical calm: "It left me free to begin all over again." In his present work, semi-abstract, with strong surrealist tinge, hardly a trace of bitterness can be felt.

More disturbing is the art of a third painter, Hans Hartung (born 1904), whose sensitive abstractions often make use of deep blacks, and consist of ribbon-like curves stabilized by vertical or horizontal bands. Hunted by the Gestapo, he left Germany permanently in 1935 to settle in France. In 1939 he joined the Foreign Legion. Then, after the debacle, he managed to escape, under the most trying circumstances, to North Africa, where he re-enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Hartung, who lost his right leg in the war against the Nazis, became a French citizen in 1946. A leader in the new Ecole de Paris, he is, curiously, still claimed for Germany by German critics.

But what about those who, like Bernhard Heiliger or Hans Trier (both born in 1915), had just begun their studies when Hitler came to power? They were told that there were no blue horses, and that anyone who painted such was degenerate. Shut off from the mainstream of European art, they heard Alfred Rosenberg demand heroism for art, the kind of heroics that expressed itself in the street fights of the SS. Their teachers, instead of respecting the pupils' sensitive imagination, stifled whatever desire towards self-expression they may have had by insisting on a formula that mixed Ancient Nordic art, German folk art, German Gothic and Renaissance art with early 19th century German Romanticism, dismissing all else as "Bolshevist" or "Jewish."

That those who grew up under Nazism were able after the collapse to start anew despite long years of false indoctrination; that they managed to break through the barbed wire that had caged their minds in their formative years; that, given full freedom of expression, these artists quickly developed along surrealist or abstract lines even before the Allies' cultural commissions had started to acquaint them with the art they had missed during the spiritual blackout of the Third Reich—all this has been taken to prove the invulnerability of the German genius. Much, perhaps too much, has been made by German panegyrists of the fact that in the first postwar years artists often went

hungry, as there were no patrons in the defeated nation, that they worked in unheated ruins, wearing coats and gloves to keep from freezing—but has not the same story, equally authentic, been told of the Left Bank artists during the bleak years of the Nazi occupation? Is not Italy today leading in the plastic arts despite Fascism's insistence on heroic gestures, on popular realism?

If anything can be proved by Germany's return to the family of aesthetically advanced nations, it might be this—that, contrary to the reactionaries' claim that all post-Impressionist art is "phony," concocted by shrewd, sensation-mongering manipulators, the new kind of seeing, with its projection of inner experiences, and dismissal of realistic data, is the logical reaction of twentieth century man to the world in and around him. Franz Marc summarized the strivings of many a modern artist, when he declared:

". . . We search for things in nature which are hidden under the veil of their outward appearance but which seem more important to us than the discoveries of the Impressionists. . . . We search for and paint this inner, spiritual aspect of nature not because we want to be different but because we see this side of it. . . ."

But this great mystic could not, of course, anticipate the movements that would dominate the German scene after World War I in which he was fated to be killed, and again after a new holocaust, far more ferocious than the first. The '20's witnessed the rise of a neo-Realist trend (the aforementioned New Objectivity), aggressively approaching objects in order to bring them out to the last horrible detail, thus protesting against the growing mechanization and industrialization, against the threats to the freedom and dignity of the individual. Abstract art can, of course, be just as violent, just as politically motivated, through the use of wild colors and bizarre shapes (just as absolute music, to which abstract art is closely related, can express the whole register of feelings).

Yet the art of the Bonn Republic, abstract for the most part, is bafflingly tranquil and serene. In the first postwar years, there was still something like an immediate reaction to the present. Werner Heldt (1904-1955), the "Utrillo of Berlin," conjured up dead cities, with empty streets and hauntingly dark windows. More heightened was the surrealism of Heinz Trockes (born 1913) who offered nightmarish visions of the war-wrecked metropolis. Hans Jaenisch com-

memorated the now famous Berlin Airlift by painting planes roaring through the air like terrible animals. The same theme was used by the sculptor Bernhard Heiliger whose sketch for a memorial to American fliers is a bold abstraction of a crashing airplane.

But the economic boom that Western Germany experienced after several years of great hardship had curious effects on the German artists. Where more or less clearly identifiable references to reality are retained—e.g., in the work of Eduard Bargheer, Alexander Camaro, or Ernst Schumacher—one finds calm landscapes, fishermen with nets, street singers, and other pleasant motifs; pictures, one would guess, that the new captains of industry, the new benefactors of fast reviving cities would like to acquire. Amazingly decorative and calm is also the pure abstract art—I for one fail to agree with the American reviewer to whom Fritz Winter's canvases suggested infinite reaches of luminous space broken only by barbed-wire fences, reminiscences, as it were, of POW camps in Siberia.

The startling detachment of the German artist from all disturbing reality (and there are as many burning problems in the Bonn Republic of today as there were in the similarly booming Weimar Republic of the mid-'20's) struck me as indisputable after I had viewed two recent exhibitions. The one of 1954 presented in New York's Caravan Gallery paintings and prints by artists under thirty-five. These works had been selected by old Karl Hofer, director of the Berlin Academy of Art, and, whatever the medium used (oil, gouache, tempera, water color, lithography, etchings, or silk screen), the technical level was very high. There was a remarkable maturity in the subtle approach, the solid architectural structure, significantly entitled for the most part just "Composition" or "Construction." What astonished me more was the gentle lyricism, the calm elegance, the unobtrusive simplicity held in common. Had not all of these men and women suffered in the war and in the postwar period? Were they not all living in Berlin, the most exposed bastion in the Cold War, a divided city, center of espionage and counter-espionage, of kidnapping and political murder? And where, for Heaven's sake, was the wild Sturm und Drang one looks for in younger people?

Or were, perhaps, the past experiences so devastating that all that the new generation desires from life is—the peace of quietness? This is the excuse I formulated after having seen works by other young

people in an exhibition of contemporary German prints presented to the American nation by Western Germany as a Dankspende, to pay a debt of gratitude for the help given to the German nation after V-E day.[4] Among the sixty-four artists there were some who had just begun to attract attention before Hitler's rise to power, among them Ernst Wilhelm Nay. Others, however, were still in their teens when the last war broke out. In style, the majority of the pictures were of our time, that is to say, antinaturalistic in varying degrees with stress on simplified patterns and eloquent rhythms. As for subject matter, flowers, fruits, birds, children, young women, serene landscapes turned up again and again. Had I not seen other German exhibitions as well, I might have been tempted to ascribe this curious limitation to utterly nontroubling subject matter solely to the taste of those who selected the artists and their works. . . .

Compared to other nations, the Germans of the Bonn Republic are rather "well-behaved" and "civilized" in the realm of art. They have no bold pathfinders like our Jackson Pollock, like Burri and Capogrossi in Italy, Dubuffet and Mathieu in France. But we must not be harsh. At least in one aspect there is something wholesome about this new German art: it is non-German, non-Teutonic, it is European, and even cosmopolitan in outlook and style. The Bonn Republic seems to support this trend by encouraging its creative men and women to study and paint in France, Italy, Greece, Spain. Now brimming over with restored vitality, Western Germany, one is inclined to think, seems to be firmly opposed to everything that Hitlerites stood for—at least in the realm of art. One can praise the young German generation that, in defiance of all the chauvinistic talk it was exposed to in its formative years, it instinctively followed the advice given to Goethe, namely, "to look about in foreign nations." Goethe himself had remarked that the term "national literature" had lost much of its meaning, that the epoch of world literature was at hand, and that everyone would have to strive to hasten its approach. Does this not hold true of the plastic arts as well?

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[4]At the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., spring, 1956.

From Hospital

By S. P. Dunn

As here I lie . . .
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask:
"Do I live, am I dead?"

—Robert Browning in "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church"

I. *Night on the Ward*

A hypodermic and a drink of water
And a prayer for coolness, are the signs of day's end
In this captive world. Not silence: the machines
That keep the life in us still whir and clack;
Not darkness, for the nurse's night-light burns
Above her desk, a single votive candle.

The friendly pain, like the bears of infancy,
Accompanies us back to the dark world
Where not even we ourselves have ever been,
Nor can tell by the moss on the trees which way is home.

Let each hold the bright thread by which life hangs,
Across the dark hours into tomorrow morning,
When the washbowls clatter, announcing the Resurrection,
And the nurses' shoes squeak brightly on the floor.

S. P. Dunn has published poetry in *Harper's* and *Saturday Review*, and articles in *Scientific American* and *Commentary*. He is a graduate student in Columbia University's Department of Anthropology.

II. *Death and Bingo*

At seven o'clock last night, the old man died.
While we were playing bingo, shouting the numbers
In mush-mouthed southern speech, his final throw
Was called; he choked and left us, but without sorrow.
He was a bitter old man, who fought and quarrelled
To his last breath; the enemies outside,
The pains within, pursued him night and day—
The hole in his throat that would not let him live,
The cruel mercy that would not let him die.

Goodbye, old friend—although you hated us all;
Tell them up there how it was here, and maybe
They'll give you clean sheets twice a day, and nurses
Who'll know what you want though you can't say it, and doctors
Who'll let you have it though it's not good for you.

III. *Delirium*

The old man lay in his crib-bed like a baby's
And talked to phantoms walking stealthily
Out of the dark and Indian woods of youth.
"Knock three times; then come forward." The command,
From some forgotten ceremony, uttered
At depth of night in his strong voice, startled us
Who lay between cold green walls, thinking of nothing.
How much life boiled within that fleshless head,
Those withered limbs, that fluttered, fading heart!

When, later, they pulled the curtains round the bed,
Covered it with a sheet, and pushed it forth
Into the hallway, I thought how the old man now
Could join his lost companions in their circle
And call upon the initiate, like himself,
To knock three times, and enter out of darkness.

IV. *The Orderly*

He carries oxygen in the dead of night—
A tired, complaining *deus ex machina*
Guarding the lives of others, despising his own.
If you wake, you'll hear him quarrelling with the nurses,
Cursing the management in respectful whispers,
As he lounges in blood-stained khakis against the desk.

The rent, the cardiac wife, the starving children
—He would quote Hobbes if he could—are all gone through,
A weary catechism. Yet which of us here
Would not change places with him, to walk this moment
Free from this clean tomb out to the humming town,
And stop, and listen, and look at a healthy face?

V. *This Seeing The Sick: for Ruben*

When they brought you up from surgery, the stink of ether
Swathing your head like the nimbus of bright brown hair
Spread over the pillow, I thought I had never seen
More pitiful or lovely thing. Your flushed
Face of a dreaming child, turned to one side,
Rejected the pain of your awakening,
The poison within your flesh, the indignity
Of lying there, one white leg stuck in space.
And I thought: Such a son would I wish; no other.

But when you woke, and retched the poison forth,
And moaned with loneliness, and cried for water,
I was already leaving; the outer world
Had claimed me, and the different life of those
Who pass by suffering with averted eyes.
I could not help you now, as you helped me
Those days before, when I lay bound and retching,
Send messages into that heedless world:
Was I still loved, or was I unremembered,
As good as dead and buried?
Oh, this was treason!
Before the cock crew, thrice had I denied thee.

VI. *Before Surgery*

Down to the small bright room, fear was my guide,
Grasping me firmly by the elbow, saying:
Forward, friend, into the breach; there's nothing to fear
But . . . And the white-capped anaesthetist repeated:
Steady; relax now; nothing to be afraid of.
And the surgeon, God, behind his mask, repeated
The ritual of comfort. And I was not
Afraid, but my body was, and clenched itself
Despite itself against the unknown knife.

But when the sleep from the little bottle invaded
The clenched flesh of my arm, it was no longer
Afraid at all, and opened to receive
The painful blessing.
If I should wake before
I die, I pray the drug my soul to take.

VII. *Visiting-Hours*

Ambassadors arrive, bearing credentials
In paper bags, from the world outside these walls—
The springtime streets, aswarm with singing lovers,
The lamplit houses waiting for tomorrow.
And some here have forgotten these, and listen
Absently to the eager relatives,
As if to distant battles and alarums.
But some hold to the memory, as fingers
Clutch at the soaking sheet, and the lost voice
Strives to reply out of its twisted depth.
Bend closer to catch the message.
But how can they tell
The secrets of their prison-house? They have forgotten
What language they once knew to tell them in.

The hour is past; the visitors leave their parcels
And, shedding this suffering with a shake of their shoulders,
Pass forth to the elevator, and so down
And out once more into the joyful air.

VIII. *Escape*

The trees again! The birds again! The sun,
High over Central Park, glints on the tops
Of cars which pass like splendid noisy beetles.
I have come forth, with one arm still in plaster
And one thought still for unforgotten comrades
Left in the dark Republic whose neighbor-state is Death,
To be henceforth one with those visitors
Who came with unwilling tribute to our bedside,
And yet not altogether, for I have passed
Through lands and seas uncharted by them: terrors
Of solitary childhood and—before my time—
Forsaken, dumb old age.
If I forget you
Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
I am not worthy of my own escape.

We Note - - - -

STEREOTYPES AND SOLECISMS

To this member of the Editorial Board (and to some others) Bennett Berger's article on sociology and the intellectuals is one of the most welcome in recent issues of *The Antioch Review*. Mr. Berger faces up to a problem which has disturbed as well as interested us for some time; yet it is not a problem which has received as plain and vigorous a treatment as say, the perennial variations on liberalism. Some years ago we bravely said in print that one of the purposes of *The Antioch Review* was to assist in putting social science in the public domain. By this we meant that we wanted to publish articles explicating and criticizing aspects of social science, putting the designs and results of social science in terms which the intelligent layman could understand. This was a large order and may have been a kind of quixotic desire on our part that had little hope of fulfillment.[1] This magazine is not a full-time project on the part of any editor. Much material is unsolicited; and when a solicitation is questioned or ignored or refused, the elaboration or added energy necessary to overcome initial resistance may not be forthcoming. But it is not clear, either, that a full-time persistence would have been more successful. Social scientists feel that their work is under attack, that social science is misunderstood and lied about and shot at. Some of them, I suspect, tell themselves that they don't have the time, the patience or the imperviousness to ulcers which a vigorous defense would seem to call for. Anyhow, most of them conclude, the direction and the results of social science, as with science generally, should be left for the pages of professional journals and monographs. And yet one of the spots, perhaps the chief spot, where social science appears to be "in question" is in the forum where it should be meeting and courting wide public understanding. Mr. Berger, if I read him correctly, is content to ask help from the humanistic intellectuals only in cleaning up some of the more inept of sociological language. An exclusive insistence on self-criticism and internal direction would appear to rule out or denigrate such a criticism as that of Stuart Hampshire, the

[1] I would not suggest that there has been no response whatever. There have been a few notable exceptions; for example, David Easton's "Shifting Images of Social Science and Values" (March, 1955). But by and large, the response has been small.

English philosopher, who suggests[2] that if man is to have choice, he cannot be presented with the sociological answers beforehand; and that too much speed in social change and too much self-consciousness may destroy the layman's ability, or even his willingness, to think and decide for himself.

All knowledge is compartmentalized today, and each of us in his separate role of specialist meets some kind of problem in public understanding. (The case history of atomic physicists faced with personal "responsibility" for world annihilation is only the most spectacular.) In the long run, no specialist appears to face a more serious dilemma in public acceptance than the sociologist. His burden embraces all society, which is to say, the whole world. Everywhere, led by reason embodied in sociological truth, we move toward a homogenized society—toward a homogenization of the races, of the sexes, even of religions. However you break it down or up, this is a move toward a kind of conformity. And conformity in another context, so we are told by reasonable men (including sociologists), is something to be feared, fought and avoided. Thus we have a conflict, amorphous and confused in its ramifications but quite real—a conflict between mass man and the free individual. It is also the special conflict or burden of the sociologist. For without any trouble at all, we project upon sociology the responsibility not only for a Supreme Court decision but for other large social decisions. And this we are about to do increasingly, for is not society the sociologist's "field" and responsibility?

Mr. Berger speaks frankly and dispassionately of the Western tradition of individual freedom. Yet many laymen think of it emotionally, as indeed they do also of civil and minority rights. And their conflict is emotional as well as intellectual: simpler intellects are strained when they contemplate "togetherness," organization men, group dynamics, men considered as statistics, and planning in terms of a mass society—all applied or developed at a time when we are trying to sell the ideas of freedom and the dignity of the individual to unenlightened Africans and Asiatics. The point is not perhaps that we yet lay the responsibility for the group tendencies of modern life at the door of sociology (though some may anticipate such a development ahead). But there occurs this question: why do not sociologists, instead of rationalizing our group tendencies (as it is assumed they are doing), study these problems and offer us suggestions for escape?

If it be true also that "there are no mysterious incalculable forces that come into play, but rather that one can, in principle, master all things by calculation," it would then appear that the social scientist does

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[2]In "Can There Be a General Science of Man?" *Commentary*, August, 1957.

challenge the art, the imagination and enchantment by which humanism lives. Nor can one entirely write off the paradox that a science of society may be "both impossible and evil" if such a science gains public prestige. Men live by myths. Although some branches of science are the sources of great fear in our time, whatever can become accepted under that rubric automatically gains respect. Perhaps a paradox of social science is that as a science it stands in need of "a good public relations job." (For reasons other than scientific, God forbid exactly that to happen!)

Mr. Berger makes clear that literary men have assumed the togas of intellectuals. He says that as intellectuals they are largely free of the demands of specialization and that they use their freedom to make large, free-wheeling judgments of almost anything. As to their judgments of social science, they speak in stereotypes, which they toss out in the midst of their discourse like firecrackers—and after the explosion depart elsewhere. But these are the actions of frightened men. They are men tired of the lurking suspicion that their art may be taken as beautiful (as it should be) but that in the midst of a changing society it will be also taken increasingly as meaningless. Fear of ultimate meaninglessness is intolerable and puts one automatically on the defensive.

Specialization, to an extent, has made cowards of us all. The complexity and narrowness inherent in specialization have denigrated common sense. And, especially among "educated men," they have eroded plain talk. Accurate, readable exposition is less appreciated and less rewarded than it was once, proportionately if not absolutely. Popularization is eaten up more and more with entertainment, and reflects that weakness in its reputation. I shall wager, without any statistics at my command, that more sociologists (and other scientists) prefer the jack-in-the-box editorializing in *Time* magazine over the news stories of individual reporters in the New York *Times* or a dozen other newspapers. Specialists have become variously proficient in employing their own argot, but are not expected to applaud, appreciate or recognize good writing in their own field or elsewhere.

But I would not conclude this comment without a note of hope. Before me is Leo Lowenthal's *Literature and the Image of Man: Sociological Studies of the European Drama and Novel, 1600-1900*. Lowenthal, who taught courses in the sociology of literature for two decades at Columbia University and more recently at the University of California, wrote the book while he was a Fellow of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford. (One of those whom he credits with editorial assist-

[3]Beacon Press, 1957. $4.95.

ance is Bennett Berger.) Says Professor Lowenthal: "Precisely because great literature presents the whole man in depth, the artist tends to justify or defy society rather than to be its passive chronicler. All literary materials, including those hitherto considered beyond the province of the sociologist, therefore assume social meanings." It is his specific aim to study the works of the greatest literary men in the three centuries since the Renaissance against their social background and the concurrent rise of modern individualism. Included are such masters as Calderón, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Corneille, Molière, Goethe, Ibsen, and Knut Hamsun. (Lowenthal stops short of Bernard Shaw.) Examining materials classified in the humanities, the author employs techniques of analysis "other than those commonly expected in the social sciences." He expects to draw fire from both camps. But with a work of such scope and aim, presumably the humanists and the intellectuals should review it to consider just what Professor Lowenthal has accomplished and how significant his contribution may be for the history of ideas and the understanding of literature. No one can dismiss *Literature and the Image of Man* as pulverized research. It deserves a serious examination.

At hand also is another work of different proportions but in its way quite as fresh, a collection of essays assembled by Bernard Rosenberg and David Manning White under the title, *Mass Culture: the Popular Arts in America.*[4] One editor is the director of Market Research, Inc., the other an authority in research in journalism. Their joint endeavor exhibits elements of both the humanities-social science impasse and the intellectual-research conflict. They manage to agree on a pattern of organization and apparently also on a tolerance of each other's judgments. But from there on, it is each man for himself. They could not agree on an introduction, and so, taking opposite sides on the issue of acceptance vs. rejection of mass culture, each man writes his own. This schizophrenia runs throughout the book and contributes markedly to its liveliness. Limited as it may be in its applications, it is a form of collaboration sufficiently original and stimulating to warrant extension and further exploration. —P. B.

[4]The Free Press (Glencoe, Illinois). $6.50.

At the Fair

By Lewis Turco

"My ware is knowledge," barked the first
Of four wayfaring hucksters.
"A shilling's worth turns the unversed
Into pedantic praters.
One would do well
To purchase what I sell!"

"I sell sweet pleasure," hawked the next.
"A tasty bit, though fleeting.
Just try one bite and you'll be vexed
Unless you keep on eating:
Upon my word,
You won't stop with the third!"

The third cried, "Beauty for your thirst!
My flasks are full of liquors
That make aesthetes of the accursed
And calloused. He who dickers
With me may fly
Sky high if he'll but buy!"

"But buy my wisdom," called the last.
"Without it knowledge, pleasure
And beauty all are swiftly lost
Like chartless, sunken treasure.
Who'll buy my stock,
The key to living's lock?"

Three have quickly sold and gone.
One stands auctioning alone.

Lewis Turco, whose poetry has appeared frequently in the little magazines, is a third-year English major at the University of Connecticut.

Private Eye

By VERNON SCANNELL

Always in the moment of the act
The vibrant promises were disavowed:
The stolen jam its tea-time sweetness lacked,
The truant afternoon wore sacks of cloud.

And when your savored dream of cornering
The pleading dog or fat and tearful boy
Exploded into fact, their suffering
Brought muted terror, cancelling your joy.

It was not long before you paused to wonder
Why, when the experts promised flawless sky,
Your sensual holiday groaned under thunder
And chilled beneath a watchful, hidden eye.

Though you might creep at night or wear a mask
Your movements were observed at every turn;
The watcher never rested from his task
Or hinted at the facts he wished to learn.

And like the self-effacing air and dust
Was always there in bedroom and in bar;
And when you prowled the avenues of lust
The eye looked down upon you like a star.

But there was no attempt to interfere
And no arrest was made, no summons sent.
Then suddenly you saw it all quite clear:
Each act observed held its own punishment.

And so you cursed the eye and could not see—
As once a thief black-bandaged in despair
Upon the tree of death spat blasphemy—
The inconsolable grief that glittered there.

Educated at Leeds University, VERNON SCANNELL has worked as free-lance broadcaster for the BBC and as journalist and is now teaching school. He is the author of two novels, *The Fight* and *The Wound and the Scar*, and two volumes of poetry, *Graves and Resurrections* and *A Mortal Pitch*.

Books - - - -

THE LAST OF THE BOSSES

By Francis Russell

For over half a century James Michael Curley has been the most flamboyant and durable figure on the Boston political scene. Off and on he has been mayor for a total of sixteen years, he has spent four terms in Congress and two in jail, and for two depression years he was governor of Massachusetts. His seventeen-room neo-Georgian mansion on Jamaicaway with its shamrock shutters has long been both a landmark of the rise of the immigrant Irish and a nose-thumbing in the direction of Yankee Beacon Hill. He has been hated by proper Bostonians with a proper and ultimate hatred, held in mindless affection by the slums. Alternately he has been embraced and knifed by his Irish-American political associates. Counted out a score of times, he has always bounced back. On several occasions he has received the last rites of the church. He has had a biography and a best-selling novel written about him, the latter forming the basis for a forthcoming moving picture. Now in his eighty-third year he has—with some unacknowledged assistance—written his autobiography.[1]

Curley's political career began midway between the Famine in Ireland and the present. 1847, that annus mirabilis, brought the first wave of mass immigration to America. Because the Cunard Line terminus was then at Boston the wretched Irish landed there. Illiterate, sunk in their defeat, they came like cattle. Five per cent of them died on the "coffin" ships on the way over. Transported from their primitive earth-bound existence, they were forced to take whatever work they could find at hand, usually in a glutted market—or else starve. Sometimes they did starve in their reeking Paddyvilles and Mick Alleys where they lived in close bestiality among the first urban mass slums of America.

They were the butt of the social pyramid, the unfailing source of exploitable labor: ditch-diggers, stevedores, hod-carriers, stable-boys. Boston was the center of cheap labor for the country. Construction bosses all over

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[1] *I'd Do It Again: A Record of All My Uproarious Years.* Prentice-Hall, 1957. The actual writing was done by a professional rewrite man, John H. Cutler.

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America sent there for fresh supplies of Irish workers. The Paddies went as contract laborers in coaches with sealed doors, the curtains nailed across the windows. Along the Erie Canal and the new railway lines they died like flies. Jeremiah O'Donovan-Rossa wrote of "the wreck and ruin that came upon the Irish race in this foreign land."

These unassimilable foreigners with their uncouth solidarity more than doubled the population of static Boston, turning it from a coherent and comprehensive town to an incoherent and incomprehensible metropolis. Dismayed, the Old Yankees retreated into themselves, originating the so-called Boston Brahminism as a kind of defense. The term Brahmin, which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had given them quite by accident, they took for self-assurance, and the name stuck, coming to mean not Dr. Holmes's disinterested bread-and-water asceticism of the mind but a class-conscious membership in the Yankee State Street financial oligarchy. The Irish were untouchables. Mayor Theodore Lyman called them "a race that will never be infused with our own, but on the contrary will always remain distinct and hostile."

Somewhat over a hundred years later we find Senator John Kennedy, indistinguishable in appearance from his Yankee counterparts, author of *Profiles in Courage*, a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers, mentioned as a possible presidential candidate. It is interesting sociologically that this upright young man is the grandson of John F. "Honey" Fitzgerald—"Honey" for his rendering of *Sweet Adeline* at political rallies—the first mayor of Boston unashamedly to put his fingers in the city till. Senator Kennedy, fortunately endowed with a million dollars, is of course a scrupulously honest if somewhat cagey liberal.

James M. Curley represents the half-way mark in this transition. Joseph Dinneen in his biography, *The Purple Shamrock*,[2] sees him so, a symbol of the emergence of the Famine Irish from their proletarian status to political dominance. It is the recurrent phenomenon of one class replacing another. In 1776 the Boston merchant oligarchy succeeded the tory squirearchy by revolution. It in turn, if more slowly and by attrition, was superseded by the Celts. Curley's career as traced out in Mr. Dinneen's book is a blueprint of this process. Written while Curley was serving his last term as mayor just after his return from his second jail sentence, *The Purple Shamrock* does not cover Curley's later phases—his defeat in two subsequent mayoralty campaigns, the simultaneous death of two of his children, the selling off of the house with the shamrock shutters and his retirement from

[2]W. W. Norton, 1949.

active politics. Nevertheless it is the best book of the Curley trilogy, touching matters that the other two either overlook or avoid.

While Curley was governor he once sued Dinneen for half a million dollars libel because of an article, "The Kingfish of Massachusetts," that the latter had written. Some years later when the two men met more amicably Curley complained that he was always treated unfairly by the press, and Dinneen then offered to write Curley's life story honestly and objectively as Curley told it to him. Curley agreed to this. With his collaboration *The Purple Shamrock* was written. At the time he was proud of the book and used to give away autographed copies of it to visitors at City Hall, though there is no mention either of it or Dinneen in *I'd Do It Again*.

The Purple Shamrock was considered semi-official. This was what Curley stood for, approved by him. One of the first things that occurred to most readers was the question of finances. Here was a man whose whole career had been in politics, whose salary had varied from $7,500 to $10,000 a year, who on that salary had built and maintained a $75,000 mansion, who could spend $200,000 on an election and cheerfully wager an additional $25,000 on the losing side. Where did it all come from? In this respect *The Purple Shamrock* is more candid than *I'd Do It Again*. According to Dinneen, "he [Curley] saved no money, and yet money was never a problem to him. He could always get it, although he never explained precisely how or where." Of the large public works program that Curley inaugurated after his first election as mayor, "everybody knew there wasn't a contract awarded that did not have a cut for Curley."[3] . . . "When in office, his income skyrocketed. When out of office, it shrank to a trickle or stopped entirely."[4]

That is to say, Curley's wealth came principally from the percentage he received on city contracts, the so-called "honest" graft which excludes such things as vice, shakedowns and protection. And Curley was never mean. While Honey Fitz was in City Hall everybody paid, from department heads down to the porters and scrubwomen. Curley never collected from the small people. Locally he anticipated by a generation the Hopkins New Deal tax-spend-elect theory. For in his sixteen years as mayor he practically rebuilt Boston. Most of what he did, whatever the excesses in cost, needed to be done. If the Old Yankees had kept control, such projects would never have been undertaken. Curley, with greater pragmatic understanding than

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[3]*The Purple Shamrock*. p. 135.

[4]*Ibid*. p. 144.

themselves, was essentially a conservative influence, lessening social tensions by providing jobs, *ad hoc* poor relief and informal help in almost any family difficulty. For the voters of the working-class wards "the municipal buildings he built were their clubrooms, with showers and swimming pools. Their children played on the playgrounds and beaches he made. The transient, successful Boston Irish would pass, or go the way of the disappearing Brahmins, but, banning atomic destruction, his imprint would remain upon the city after centuries on roads, bridges, subways, on the shorefront and the hinterland. Whatever it cost, and whatever he made on them personally, there they are."[5]

Curley was not avaricious, and what came easily to him he gave out easily. Today he is a relatively poor man. He pursued his building projects avidly, like a hobby, without concern for the financial aspect. If the city needed more money it could always borrow it and raise the tax rate. Eventually this process reaches a point where the city verges on bankruptcy, but this is a problem Curley has left to his successors.

What defeated him in the end was that his old supporters had outgrown him. The Irish slum dweller of the South End, grateful in votes for a Thanksgiving turkey and a ton of coal, was being succeeded by a more middle-class Irish-American who lived in the suburbs and thought about taxes. Most of all, the development of the semi-welfare state made the Curleys redundant and—like a Christmas basket—a little old-fashioned. Their successors today are more likely to be found in labor unions than in politics.

As one of the characters in *The Last Hurrah* remarks of the final defeat of Frank Skeffington, the fictional mayor of whom Curley was the recognized prototype: "Well, of course the old boss was strong simply because he held all the cards. If anybody wanted anything—jobs, favors, cash—he could only go to the boss, the local leader. What Roosevelt did was to take the handouts out of local hands. A few little things like Social Security, Unemployment Insurance, and the like—that's what shifted the gears, sport. No need now to depend on the boss for everything; the Federal Government was getting into the act. Otherwise known as a social revolution."[6]

When Edward O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* was scheduled to appear it was carefully let out in advance that here was a novel about James Michael Curley. A copy was sent to Curley by the editor of the *Boston Globe* with the suggestion that he review it. The next day the book was returned with

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[5]*Ibid.* p. 318.

[6]*The Last Hurrah*, by Edward O'Connor. Atlantic-Little Brown, 1956. p. 374.

an angry note from Curley to the effect that he was consulting his lawyers. So transparent were many of the incidents that some of the more literate Massachusetts politicians were reported to be reading a book for the first time in their lives.

Frank Skeffington is undoubtedly Curley, even to his feud with the Cardinal, but he is a retouched Curley, more urbane, with the traditional wit that is more legendary than factual. For all that *The Last Hurrah* is an amusing book—and the account of a wake is very funny—it perpetuates the myth of the Irish as a race of feckless engaging comedians. Ditto Boland, Cuke Gillen, Knocko Minihan, Footsie McEntee, Festus Garvey and the rest—they clown and jape their way through the pages, like the Five Little Peppers, outrageous but loveable.

Yet the history of the Irish in America is not a rather scandalous comedy, but as O'Donovan-Rossa saw it long ago, an involved human tragedy. That is where Mr. O'Connor goes wrong, because he plumps for the harps and the pepper-pots rather than the sombre actuality. This actuality is an avoidable dimension for most. One finds it though in James T. Farrell and in some of the Dooley essays, "The Idle Apprentice" for example. But the myth sells better, and with the Book of the Month Club, the film rights, and other reproductions, Mr. O'Connor will make his own million out of it.

Apropos of Mayor Skeffington-Curley the Cardinal of *The Last Hurrah* remarks: "He stole. How much I have no idea; the estimates vary widely. I presume he still does. . . ." Another more impartial character reflects to himself after Skeffington's fictional decease: "He thought of buildings erected and roads constructed unnecessarily and at about three times their normal cost; he thought of contracts skillfully diverted to political friends; he thought of tax rebates handed out in wholesale lots to campaign contributors; he thought of the endless jobs given to old pals, of the time when the entire city payroll seemed to be supporting nothing but a host of indolent comedians. . . . Yet even as he thought this he remembered the other side too: the astonishing, good-hearted audacity of the man which had so often stunned a roomful of opponents; the mischievous gleam in the eye which suddenly appeared as he advanced some particularly outrageous proposal; the extraordinary wit and congeniality which had relieved so many deadly dull committee meetings; the courage, the generosity, the charm, the sheer ability of the man."[7]

This is a reasonably accurate, if somewhat romanticized portrait of

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[7] *Ibid.* p. 409.

Curley. For Curley does have an engaging and vivid personality, and it is this that sets him so far above the saurian run of Massachusetts politicians.

After Curley's first hot resentment over *The Last Hurrah* had worn off he began to see the Skeffington portrait as an asset. The book had toned down his ruthlessness, emphasized his benevolence. Various hints of fraud and peculation were after all no more than the admissions of *The Purple Shamrock*. For a while Curley took jokingly to calling and signing himself Skeffington. O'Connor's hero became so well adopted in Massachusetts that a number of votes were cast for Frank Skeffington in the last Democratic primaries, votes that Curley claimed for himself. From originally intending to sue O'Connor he ended up by congratulating him. *The Last Hurrah* caused him quite a lot of mental turmoil, however. As an aftermath he decided to write his autobiography, to out-Skeffington Skeffington by putting in at last what Joseph Dinneen had either not known or discretely omitted.

In the final section of *The Last Hurrah* when Skeffington is on his death bed, someone standing by the apparently unconscious figure remarks unctuously that if Skeffington had it all to do over again no doubt he'd do it very differently. The dying man then manages to rouse himself and whisper: "The hell I would!" It is from this episode that Curley has taken the title of his own book.

I'd Do It Again is rambling and uneven, often dulled by the memory of obscure and forgotten ward-heelers, though on the other hand livened by the candidly brazen quality of Curley's admissions. It is not well written. Curley's own style favors the informal cliché. What runs through the pages as an undercurrent, sensed even when not visible, is the feeling of the Famine years, the old Celtic bitterness against the chill Yankee.

Curley's childhood was wretched, and he succeeds in being moving when he writes about it—the rooms in the South End tenement, the immigrant father earning 10 cents an hour, the father's early death, the mother (who had once been a servant in one of the Federalist houses of Beacon Hill) keeping the family together by scrubbing floors. The boy James Michael helped out, worked pitifully long hours at odd jobs, in grocery stores, as an errand boy, in a factory. Alienated by his environment from any sense of community he formed there his hard, unwavering, egocentric determination to succeed. Success, the road up from the squalid flat to the imagined great house, was through politics. He knew that when he was still in short trousers. There was no other road for a slum Irish boy. Politics, then, was a game he would take as he found it, not to change

the game or reform it but to win. In the harshness of his own few years he grasped instinctively Boss Lomasney's neo-platonic axiom that politically speaking the mass of people are interested mainly in food, clothing and shelter. For these they would barter their votes.

At nineteen, outside a Roxbury saloon, Curley gave his first political speech. He also began to make himself useful to the local bosses. Meanwhile he observed, practiced, studied, read. For his straight purpose games and girls and conviviality had no meaning. Time was too short, life too dear. At the age of twenty-six he worked up to becoming the youngest ward boss in the city, forming his own Roxbury Tammany Club after the New York model but with the difference that his power was not to be shared or challenged. As he admits, he has always been a lone wolf in politics. That same year he became a member of the Common Council, the next year a state representative, and following that an alderman. Then he went to the City Council and at the end of the year moved on to Washington as a congressman. Returning, he was elected mayor of Boston. And so on.

Possibly influenced by *The Last Hurrah* Curley now sees much of his career in a stylized comic light. He admits he was always handy with his fists. The sock on the jaw, the cuspidor hurled at a meeting, the heckler slugged, the "sonofabitch" tossed downstairs—these are not people being hurt and intimidated, but rather the rolling pin and the "powie" of the comic strips. If Curley does not even now tell all, he tells much that has been merely rumored or whispered. As when he was running for governor and fiery crosses were burnt in the western part of the state during his speeches night after night. Now he admits that his followers set them off so that he could denounce the bigotry of his opponents. He even bribed an officer of the Ku Klux Klan to come out against him for the same reason. During Curley's second mayoralty campaign when he was running against the pious and respected John R. Murphy, son-in-law of John Boyle O'Reilly, he had a number of his supporters going through the Catholic district of Boston with prayer books in their hands telling that Murphy had joined the Masons, and that he was going to divorce his wife and marry a sixteen-year-old girl. He also started rumors that Murphy had been seen eating steak on Friday at the Copley Plaza. Three times Curley blackmailed the president of the First National Bank, forcing him to loan money to the city with only unpaid taxes as collateral. His row with Roosevelt whom he had at first supported was blasphemously blunt. When he was sentenced to jail for six months in 1947 for using the mails to defraud he maintained that it was a death sentence and appeared in court in a wheel chair and wearing a

collar a size too large for him. He continued his fourth term as mayor while in jail and resumed office after being pardoned by President Truman. He writes now that he is going to live to be 125 so that he can bury all his enemies. Joseph Dinneen in reviewing *I'd Do It Again* said that Curley by writing it had destroyed an illusion.

As far as his financial affairs go, the autobiographical Curley brushes them aside. He mentions, without expecting to be believed, that the money for the shamrock-shuttered house came through a stockmarket tip from some wool merchant long deceased. He notes that there are "few Irish or Italian contractors in Boston who did not get their start from Curley." He casually mentions paying a political opponent $10,000 to withdraw his candidacy, spending a quarter of a million on an unsuccessful campaign. He quotes the *Boston Post* approvingly: "Curley would hand it out in bunches to every constituent who came along with a hard-luck story, on the theory that 'there's lots more millions where that came from.'"

Now that he is no longer active politically Curley assumes the legendary status to which each of these books has contributed. He has been around for so long. Even the Bostonians who fought him most in the pugnacious City Hall days, now in the nostalgia for their greener years feel a certain left-handed affection for him. He in turn is pleased and flattered by the occasional courtesy from a Lowell or a Lodge.

Curley—how can one sum him up? One is faced always with ambivalent feelings of attraction and repulsion, of understanding and condemnation. It depends on the angle from which he is viewed; for he can be seen historically, sociologically, politically, morally, as an Irishman or an American, or in the Balsacian will-to-power sense. However one sees him, he is an original—and the last of his breed.

A good many years ago when Curley was still mayor the late Louis Kirstein and a committee of businessmen who admired Curley's abilities but found the chaos of the endless city building program less than admirable went to him and asked how much he would take as a supplementary salary to give the city a thoroughly honest administration. They set no figure themselves but asked him to name his own. Curley was not insulted, neither was he interested. For these businessmen with their calculations could never understand that it wasn't what he got out of it but the turmoil itself that was the breath of life to Curley. Apt as he has always been for quoting Shakespeare for political ends he might have quoted finally from a fellow Celt whom he refers to as "the great Irish poet Yeets":

> . . . and yet when all is said
> It was the dream itself enchanted me.

SOLDIERS, SCHOLARS, LIBERALS

By MORRIS JANOWITZ

The Soldier and the State. The Theory and Politics of Civil-Military Relations. By Samuel P. Huntington. Harvard University Press, 1957. 534 pp., $7.50.

Soldiers and Scholars: Military Education and National Policy. By John W. Masland and Laurence I. Radway. Princeton University Press, 1957. 530 pp., $7.50.

At the root of the liberal tradition in the United States has been a persistent and blanket negativism toward the professional military. During the last two decades of world politics, this element of the liberal tradition has not so much been abandoned as intermittently and awkwardly suspended. Since World War II was a war against fascism, traditional resentments against the military's social politics could be overlooked. In particular, Franklin D. Roosevelt's apparent personal domination over the military establishment gave an apparent sense of security against potential machinations by the "high brass" of the Pentagon. The striking role of General George Marshall, a Chief of Staff who spoke more like a Secretary of State than did the aging Cordell Hull, upset traditional assumptions. Yet even best informed New Deal spokesmen had little to say about the almost wholly unknown generals and admirals who sprang into prominence. The alert liberal was poorly informed on the historical backgrounds of American military politics beyond a vague recollection of the troubles Lincoln had had with his generals.

From the very outbreak of hostilities, however, there was a stream of incidents sufficient to keep alive traditional sentiments of hostility toward the politics of the professional soldier. Small incidents, like General Patton's insult to the invalid G.I. from Brooklyn, were as disturbing to the liberal as major events like the Darlan affair. In a war against fascism the military establishment had to be more pure than the civil society. Therefore, such practices in the armed forces as racial segregation were particularly resented. But when from the ranks of the commanding generals, a series of distinguished Chiefs of Staff and soldier diplomats emerged to buttress the Truman foreign policy, most liberals came to feel that the nation had acquired a military leadership far better than it deserved. The MacArthur

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dismissal only served to perpetuate ambivalent attitudes, for one of the results was the emergence of General Matthew Ridgway who combined a genuine commitment to the UN Command idea with a brilliant military performance.

The ascendancy of military figures like Admiral Radford meant that the formula of the liberal tradition regained some of its currency. But Eisenhower's role in the Indo-China crisis and at Geneva in 1955, as well as the Army's opposition to massive retaliation, continued to educate the liberal about the complexities of military politics. Yet in the absence of a deeper understanding of military institutions and of military planning, the liberal view of the professional soldier remains little more than a superficial set of attitudes toward selected military spokesmen who found their way into the headlines.

On the other hand, for the hard-headed radical dissenter, like C. Wright Mills, understanding the politics of the military presents no special problem. In his essay on *The Power Elite*, he sees the American military élite as important, but not too important in the tight coalition of businessmen-politicians-soldiers who rule American politics—domestic and international. He sees American élites as irresponsible, engaged in sheer defensive power politics and actually rather inept. To hide the so-called classical dilemmas of a decaying capitalist society is their real task. In his analysis the military supplies willing technocrats and occasional political spokesmen to the ranks of the power élite.

It is not at all strange that such an analysis failed to evoke the controversial reaction among the attentive public that it was designed to create. It is just impossible to characterize American political behavior in foreign affairs during the last two decades in such monolithic terms. Even the run of the mill Washington journalistic dispatch presents a more differentiated view of the coalitions and factions that exist within the professional military and between businessmen, politicians and soldiers. And all this during an historical period when it is impossible to describe the behavior of the Soviet Union's leadership in monolithic terms.

The antimilitarism of liberal ideology does not justify lack of concern with the realities of military politics. Our colleges and universities have traditionally neglected and continue to neglect the study of military history and the role of force in international relations. Studies of American military institutions which are neither jingoistic nor blindly critical have been, until the last year or two, literally nonexistent. Only after the Korean war have the problems of civil-military relations and national defense policy become legitimate concerns in university circles. And the ferment is mainly limited

to the great private institutions of the East—such as Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton—which are realistically interested in the subject of international relations.

Under the guidance of Professor William Fox of Columbia University, the Social Science Research Council has established a committee to foster research on the implications of a permanent expanded military establishment. Among the first results of these new interests are two important scholarly volumes—*The Soldier and the State* by Samuel P. Huntington of Harvard; and *Soldiers and Scholars* by John W. Masland and Laurence I. Radway of Dartmouth. These volumes represent sound research contributions for a liberal education in the politics of military affairs.

Samuel P. Huntington, a young political scientist, seeks to encompass the political relations between the military establishment and civilian society from the Revolutionary War to the present. He expresses the current ferment in political science away from mere fact collection and toward a search for patterns and generalization in American political behavior. Although he concludes on a note of policy that may label him as an advocate of the new conservatism, the volume is clearly a thought-provoking analysis of the tensions between the professional soldier and our political arrangements.

As a basic motif, Huntington seeks to analyze the military as a profession—similar to medicine, the law or the clergy. He applies sociological concepts of occupation and career. For him, the concept of profession involves *expertise*, responsibility, corporateness. In his sketch of the rise of the military profession in an industrial society, he selects the German and the Japanese experiences as two case studies in the development of the military profession where the concept of professionalism was misapplied. The professionals failed to live up to the requirements of their code. They transcended professional responsibilities and entered the political arena with disastrous consequences for their profession and their countries.

In the United States, he points out, professionalism in military matters was slow to develop, but with its development rests the hope for a solution to the role of the military in a democratic society. A democratic society operating with civilian supremacy requires objective control over the military. By objective control, Huntington seems to imply the need to allow the military to develop their professional and technical *expertise* but at the same time to neutralize it politically. Objective control, it seems to me, implies a recognition of inherent differences between military institutions and civilian political institutions. Contrast objective control with subjective control where these differences are denied and the effort is made to control the military by civilianizing them.

One basic aspect of Huntington's thesis is that the American liberal creed has obstructed the desirable emergence of a military profession under objective control. Before 1939, the completely negative approach of the liberal tradition to the military establishment in peacetime blocked the support of a professional corps which could conduct military operations in wartime. Deprived of an adequate military institution at the outbreak of each war, political leaders have had to abandon their control of the military in desperate haste to improvise formations capable of victory. In this haste, the military have often been given more power and discretion than would have been required under more orderly circumstances. The result is inevitable tensions, instability and endless recriminations on both sides. The military decry the overextension of commitments by civilian political leaders, while civilian leaders are frustrated by the lack of foresight and initiative by the military command.

While the political concepts of liberalism thwart military professionalism, they are opposed by the conservative tradition which Huntington sees as more understanding of the problems of the professional soldier. The sources and content of the conservative tradition remain somewhat unclear, especially as Huntington wants to distinguish between conservative realism and business ideology. Perhaps the most brilliant aspect of the study is his analysis of the creed of business pacifism which historically subjected the American military profession to ruthless criticism and disruption. Here Huntington documents the nineteenth-century political tensions between the military and important sectors of the business community. What Huntington does is to apply the framework of the German-American economist and sociologist Joseph Schumpeter who sought to refute Marx's analysis of militarism and imperialism. With the rapid expansion of industrialism in the nineteenth century the business community was in a conflict of interest with the military establishment. Capitalism sought trade and peaceful economic international relations. The remnants of the feudal aristocracy, displaced by the development of modern capitalism, supplied the cadres and the ideology for the military institutions of Western Europe, and looked with disfavor on the lack of heroism among capitalist entrepreneurs. (Although the United States had no real aristocracy, its rural and agricultural traditions, especially of the Old South, offered something of a substitute.) Certainly up until the Spanish-American War, the gulf between the business ideal of profit and the military's concern with honor and tradition was deep.

With the modernization of the military establishment at the turn of the century, however, the link between the business community and the

professional soldier became more closely intertwined. Therefore, for the more recent past, Huntington has greater difficulty in attributing the difficulties of the professional soldier mainly to business opposition. As his analysis becomes more contemporary, he focuses more on the problems of the internal top civilian management of the military establishment and on the role of Congressional relations. The failure to develop a proper balance between the military and the civilian now arises out of organizational and administrative problems. He argues that civilian leaders of the military services have too often interfered with operational matters that had best been left to the professional soldier. Generals and admirals, moreover, have been called on to justify and even to develop political decisions and thereby have transgressed their professional roles. The role for Congress involved only budgetary matters resulting in a crude and often irresponsible negativism.

Throughout his analysis, Huntington develops his position on the assumption that the professional soldier's training has taught him to be realistic about the costs and the consequences of war. The professional soldier is a realistic conservative in his estimate of human nature. Again and again the decision to make a war has come by actions of civilian political leaders without adequate military preparation. The conservative estimate of the professional soldier, for Huntington, supplies a balance to the utopian concepts of the liberal politician. The lack of realism by political leadership leads to an overextension of foreign commitments which the realism of the professional soldier must hold in check. Moreover, the professional soldier desires to avoid those political decisions forced on him by civilian leaders.

Huntington's analysis of the military as a profession develops suggestively, but in his application he makes a number of assumptions that weaken his conclusions. First, there is no evidence that in the past the military establishment would of its own accord have developed professionally into an efficient instrument of national policy, subject at the same time to objective control by the civilian politicians. The so-called aristocratic conservatism more often sought to make use of the military establishment as an instrument for protecting a way of life based on status and honor. Only constant review and interference by civilian authorities have pushed aside these older elements who stood in the way of technological development and professionalization. Today the technocratic outlook—hardly conservative—has so dominated the military establishment that resistance to professionalization and technological progress has been greatly reduced. The conservative outlook cannot be equated with realism, but perhaps more with honor and heroism.

Second, the resistance against overextended political commitments that Huntington finds in the military establishment is mainly an outlook developed by the ground forces. The experiences of occupying vast portions of Western Europe and the Far East which have been overbombed have taught the generals to consider the political objectives of military operations. In particular, the air force hardly displays such realistic conservatism, and Huntington's analysis seems inapplicable to the "romantic radicalism" that professionalism has evoked among the flying generals.

Third, and most basic, is "professionalism" as Huntington uses it a politically neutral category? Were not the officers of the Wehrmacht professionals when with great *expertise*, they followed out the instructions of Hitler? The ethical problems of the doctor about mercy killing pales by comparison with the dilemmas of the professional soldier who must reserve the right to disagree, and even to resign. Professionalism has one implication in a society in which civilian democratic control is strong and effective, and quite another in a totalitarian state. In a democracy, the professional soldier who rises to strategic leadership cannot be viewed merely as a passive policy adviser and unimaginative administrator. He must actively contribute to the formulation of national objectives and be a creative bureaucrat. True, the balance between military and civilian leadership has been at times improper but civilian supremacy does not imply that the tension between professional and political requirements will be eliminated by suppression. A democratic society will have to live with and even make use of these tensions if military leadership is to be effective.

The best guarantee that the professional soldier will subject himself to civilian control and yet not abandon his role as a policy adviser and an effective military leader rests in the calibre of the education he receives. Masland and Radway in *Soldiers and Scholars* survey with great care the development of the extensive institutions of higher education that the military establishment supports in order to prepare its officers for strategic leadership. The authors have focused on the political and strategic content of military education, and not on technical military education. Military education has long recognized that the military require repeated advanced training as the career of the soldier develops.

The educational apparatus is indeed vast since the career soldier spends more than one-quarter of his service in education and training. Clearly, the efforts to unify military education have failed. At the military academy level, there never was any serious effort to develop a common core oriented toward the whole armed forces which the cadet could experience before assignment to one of the services. With the establishment of the Air

Academy we will have three instead of two military undergraduate schools. General military education does not seem to be a realistic concept in the face of inter-service rivalries. And likewise, the hope that the National War College would supply a unification at the apex of military education has failed. Each of the services maintains its own war college and attendance at the National War College is just one alternative opportunity in the development of a service career.

But what of the content and quality of military education? During the postwar period, the emphasis on history, economics, social sciences and international relations in the curriculum has greatly increased. The reliance on civilian instructors and outside consultants has been stepped up. Yet military education seems from the Masland and Radway survey to suffer from the same problems as does civilian education. There is a heavy emphasis on practicalities at the expense of theoretical and analytical thinking; the trend is toward group projects and group thinking and away from individual study and scholarship. Reflecting the American setting, the higher educational institutions of the military services must accommodate themselves to broad criteria of entrance and to large student loads; for without higher education in staff and command school and war college, social mobility into the top ranks is as difficult as in civilian society.

But the basic problem is how thorough and how free is the process of military education when it deals with political and strategic topics. The authors, who are sophisticated political scientists of a liberal persuasion, were struck with the relative latitude of the academic discussions, but feel that the dilemmas of where the limits shall be set were ever present. They do not seem to be concerned about the extent to which each higher service's military schools are actively engaged in selling a particular doctrine rather than educating. The authors seem more concerned with the administrative confusion that comes from the turnover of staff in these educational facilities. (Only a small percentage of the staff are permanently assigned to teaching.) One of their main criticisms of social science content is the tendency to emphasize broad coverage rather than to analyze crucial issues in depth. Thus arises the danger of producing many who overrate their qualifications. On the other hand, the program of sending outstanding professional soldiers to get advanced training and Ph.D. work in civilian universities is a solid achievement—and should fundamentally upgrade our military institutions.

Both of these studies underline the fact that for the liberal tradition to emphasize a blanket negativism toward the professional soldier is not only out of date but highly disruptive. To this end, they contribute importantly

to strengthening civilian supremacy by presenting a more realistic view of military institutions. Both of these books stress that—for better or for worse—the military are more and more disposed to keep abreast of intellectual, political and scientific developments in civilian society. An updating of civilian university education to include a realistic coverage of military history and military affairs, as taught by civilians, has yet to be accomplished.

UNHEROIC HEROES

The Unheroic Hero in the Novels of Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert. By Raymond Giraud. Rutgers University Press, 1957. 213 pp., $5.00.

In this scholarly and readable work, Professor Raymond Giraud brilliantly presents the paradox of three bourgeois writers of the nineteenth century, who were haunted by the specter of bourgeois philistinism; who, in consequence, felt themselves lost—not of their century. They recalled the dear dead days when aristocratic ideals of human conduct made heroism possible; when artists produced for noncommercial reasons and were patronized by an élite which, able to distinguish between pleasure and comfort, saw the arts as part of the core of life rather than as the frills of *arrivisme*.

The heroes of Stendhal's, Balzac's, and Flaubert's novels are unheroic because they are incapable of disinterested action: they are bourgeois for whom the sanctity of property, the profit motive, and the façade of respectability are cardinal virtues. The writers' pessimism in the face of this crassness (Flaubert's in particular), derived only in part from their foreboding that the development of democracy would mean the further emasculation of the arts. They were aware of their own bourgeois origins; they cherished the bourgeois comforts; they wrote for money and were concerned with the financial aspects of the creative life.

It is only fair to add, as Professor Giraud does, that when these writers used the word *bourgeois* as an expression of contempt, they were not necessarily referring to the middle class alone. *Bourgeois* implied pettiness, philistinism, and materialism; it referred to those who, recognizing the desirability of stocking the home with the staples of "gracious living," purchased culture at the market place; and it referred to those minds which held "art for art's sake" to be obvious folly.

Mr. Giraud's book, in sum, is excellent and timely.

Antioch College —Roger L. Williams

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